



















THE TAMING OF THE WINGED HORSE.

(See p. 160.)

EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

# BROOKS'S READERS

SEVENTH YEAR

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



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BROOKS'S READEES. SEVENTH YEAR.

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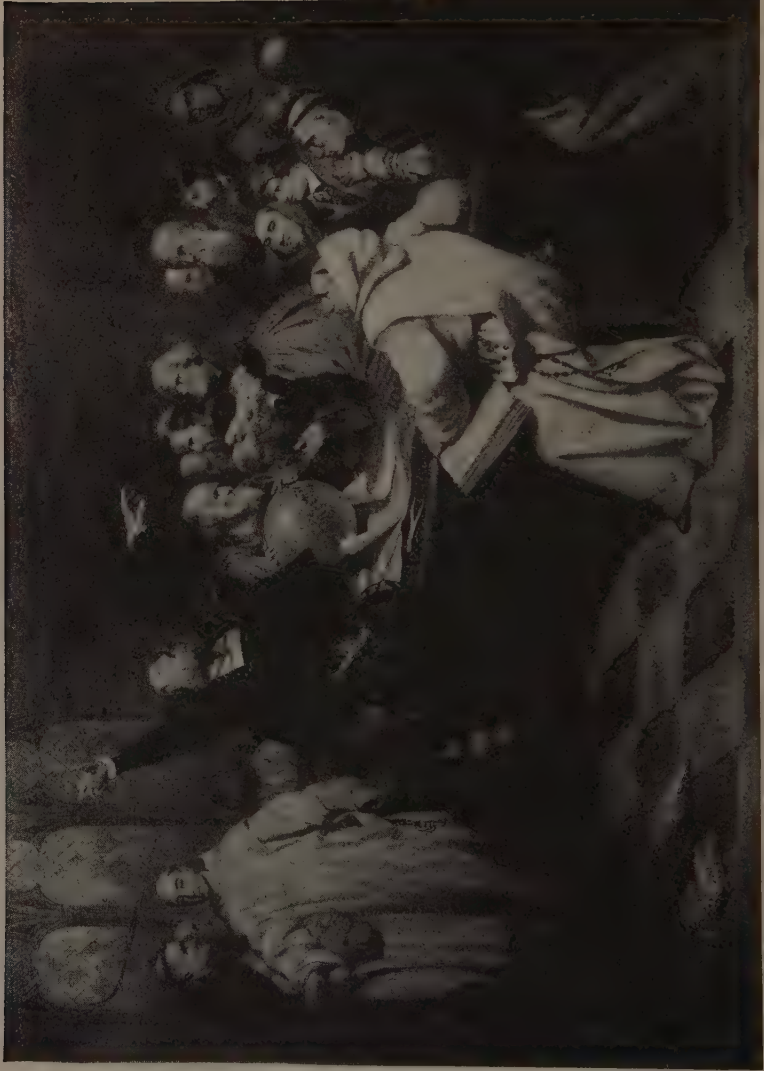


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COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.

## THE GREAT DISCOVERY

MEN learned very early to build ships. But during many ages, they found no surer guidance upon the pathless sea than that which the position of the sun and the stars afforded. When clouds deprived them of these uncertain guides, they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coast.

At length there was discovered a stone that was endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle once brought in contact with that stone pointed ever afterward steadfastly to the north. The mariner's compass untied the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out upon the sea.

Just when sailors were slowly learning to put confidence in the mariner's compass, there arose in Europe a vehement desire for the discovery of unknown countries. A sudden interest sprang up in all that was distant and unexplored.

The courts of Lisbon and Madrid swarmed with adventurers who had made discoveries, or who wished the means to make them. Conspicuous among these was one who during eighteen years had

not ceased to beg incredulous monarchs for ships and men that he might open up the secrets of the sea. He was a tall man, of grave and gentle manners and noble though saddened look. His name was Christopher Columbus.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, Italy, about the year 1436. He was of a humble family, and one of his early employments was feeding swine. But he had a high spirit and a restless zeal, and at the age of fourteen he engaged in the life of a mariner. He thirsted for knowledge and studied geometry, astronomy, geography, navigation, and the Latin language. From this time he stored his mind with knowledge, and it was this studiousness that put it in his power to interest a good Spanish prior in his schemes for exploration.

For, one day, hungry and weary, and discouraged that no one would favor his enterprises, he stopped to rest in the shadow of an old Spanish convent. It was high noon, and he asked the prior for a cup of water. The monk brought him the draught, and stopped to talk with him while he rested. He was astonished at the schemes, visions, and learning of the weary Genoese, and he promised to use his influence with the Spanish court in the behalf of Columbus. And in that chance hour the destiny of the Western World, then unknown, was changed.

Columbus was convinced by his studies that the world must be spherical in form, and that there was probably land on the western sides to counterbalance that on the east; but he thought this land would prove to be a continuance of Asia.

He applied to the senate of his native city for ships, but in vain. He next sought the patronage of the king of Portugal, but was disappointed. In 1484 he turned to Spain and procured an interview with Ferdinand, king of Aragon. The cautious monarch heard the story of Columbus, and referred his theory to the learned men of the University of Salamanca. Some of these wise men concluded that if there were indeed land on the other side of the globe, the people there must be obliged to walk about with heads downward; and so they dismissed the subject.

But at last Columbus obtained a hearing from the Spanish queen. Isabella listened to his story and favored his cause. She is said to have parted with some of her jewels to procure ships for the enthusiastic adventurer.

No sailor of our time would cross the Atlantic in such ships as were given to Columbus. In size they resembled the smaller of our river and coasting vessels. Only one of them was decked. The others were open, save at the prow and stern, where cabins were built for the crew.

And now the feeble squadron of three ships is on the sea, and the prows are turned toward the waste of waters, in whose mysterious distances the sun seemed to set. It is Friday, August 3, 1492. On Sunday, September 9, the timid crews passed the farthest known island. Out on the unknown sea, the mariner's compass no longer pointed directly north, and terror seized the sailors, as the distance between them and the land grew wider and wider.

The ships moved on under serene skies. Trade winds blew from east to west. The air at last grew balmy, and fields of seaweed began to appear.

One evening, just at sunset, — it was September 25, — a sailor mounted the stern of the *Pinta* and peered into the distance. He descried a shadowy appearance far over the western sea, and cried out in great excitement: "Land! Land! I claim the promised reward!" For a prize had been offered to the person who should first discover land.

In the morning nothing but the wide waters appeared. The supposed island was but a cloud.

For a fortnight more the ships drifted on over the quiet waters. The seamen lost heart again and again in this awful unexplored space. They mutinied, but the lofty spirit of their leader disarmed them. At last, birds came singing again; a branch of thorn with berries floated by the ships.



"We shall see land in the morning," said Columbus. He stood upon the deck all that night, peering into the dim, starlit spaces. At midnight he beheld a light. The morning came. Beautifully wooded shores rose in view. Birds of gorgeous plumage hovered around them. The crews set off from the ships in small boats. Columbus first stepped upon the shore.

The crews knelt on the strand and kissed the earth. They wept and chanted hymns of praise. Then Columbus unfurled the banner of Spain, and claimed the land in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, calling it San Salvador.

Columbus knew not the magnitude of his discovery. He died in the belief that he had merely found a shorter route to India. He never enjoyed that which would have been the best recompense for all his toil, — the knowledge that he had added a vast continent to the possessions of civilized men.

— HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

*From "Young Folks' History of America."*

## PLUCK

FULL seventy times the sun arose  
 And seventy times went down  
     Between the shore  
     Of Salvador  
 And famous Palos town —

Full seventy times with longing eyes  
 The Western sea was scanned,  
     Nor water line  
     Nor bird nor sign  
 Proclaimed the looked-for land.

Yet Hope cried "Westward! Westward!"  
 And westward still they bore,  
     By night and day,  
     Away, away,  
 Still onward as before.

Fierce storm clouds frowned upon them  
 The ocean waves dashed high,  
     Yet through it all  
     Hope dared to call,  
 "Onward, brave heart, or die!"

Thus day by day they drifted,  
 And ere the storm had passed  
     The restless sea  
     In savage glee  
 Rolled halfway up the mast —  
 Still onward, onward, onward,  
 Till ten long weeks had gone,  
     When lo, the shore  
     Of Salvador

Rose from the sea at dawn.

Now you, in your adventure,  
 'Gainst what have you to fight?  
     What storms by day  
     Have crossed your way —  
 What threat'ning clouds by night?  
  
 And is your course still Westward?  
 Ah, pledge your word once more  
     That you will brave  
     Both storm and wave  
 'Twixt you and Salvador.

— FLOYD D. RAZE.

## DAVY'S FIRST VISIT TO YARMOUTH

PEGGOTTY and I were sitting one night by the parlor fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles, but I was tired of reading and very sleepy.

I looked at Peggotty as she sat at work; at the little bit of wax candle she kept for her thread — how old it looked, being so wrinkled in all directions! — at the little house with a thatched roof, where the yard measure lived; at her workbox with a sliding lid, with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral painted on the top; at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself, whom I thought lovely.

At last, after opening her mouth several times, as

if she were going to speak, without doing it, Peggotty said coaxingly :

“Master Davy, how should you like to go with me and spend a fortnight at my brother’s at Yarmouth? Wouldn’t *that* be a treat?”

“Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?” I inquired.

“Oh, what an agreeable man he is!” cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. “Then there is the sea; and the boats and the ships; and my nephew Ham to play with!”

I was flushed with delight, and replied that it would indeed be a treat, but what would my mother say?

“Why then I’ll as good as bet a guinea,” said Peggotty, “that she will let us go. I will ask her if you like, as soon as she comes home. There now!”

“But what is she to do while we are away?” said I, putting my small elbows on the table to argue the point. “She can’t live by herself.”

“Oh, bless you!” said Peggotty, “don’t you know? She is going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Grayper. Mrs. Grayper is going to have a lot of company.”

Oh! If that was it, I was quite ready to go. I waited, in the utmost impatience, until my mother

came home, to ascertain if we could get leave to carry out this great idea. My mother entered into it readily; and it was all arranged that night, and my board and lodging during the visit were to be paid for.

The day soon came for our going. I was in a fever of expectation, and half afraid that an earthquake or some other great convulsion of nature might stop the expedition. We were to go in a carrier's cart, which departed in the morning after breakfast. I would have given any money to have been allowed to wrap myself up over night, and sleep in my hat and boots.

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope. He shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that. Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee which would have lasted us

out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river. I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we find them. When we got into the street, and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice. I said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known that Yarmouth was, on the whole, the finest place in the universe.

“Here’s my Ham!” screamed Peggotty, “grown out of knowledge!”

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public house. He asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance, and our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas works, boat-builders’ yards, smiths’ forges and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance.



“Yonder is our house, Master Davy!” said Ham. I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away



at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of a boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very curiously. But nothing else in the way of a habitation was visible to me.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Master Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it. But the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the waters hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely. But never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers. On the chest of drawers there was a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling

down by a Bible ; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some colored pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects. There were some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold, and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen. It was in the stern of the vessel, — with a little window, where the rudder used to go through, a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells ; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into, and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes ache with its brightness.

One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish. It was so searching that when I took out my pocket handkerchief, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish. I afterward

found that a heap of these creatures was usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen courtesying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl, with a necklace of blue beads on, who ran away and hid herself. By and by a large man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass" and gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek, I had no doubt that he was her brother. And so he turned out — being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How is your mother, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Peggotty, "if you can make out here, for a fortnight, along with her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham and little Emily, we shall be proud of your company."

After tea when the door was shut and all was.

made snug,—it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out of the sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

*From "David Copperfield."*

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME

### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,  
Under May's blown apple tree,  
While these home birds in and out  
Through the blossoms flit about.  
Hear a story, strange and old,  
By the wild red Indians told,  
How the robin came to be :  
Once a great chief left his son, —  
Well beloved, his only one, —  
When the boy was well-nigh grown,  
In the trial lodge alone.  
Left for tortures long and slow  
Youths like him must undergo,  
Who their pride of manhood test,  
Lacking water, food, and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept,  
 Seven nights he never slept.  
 Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
 Weak from nature's overstrain,  
 Faltering, moaned a low complaint:  
 "Spare me, father, for I faint!"  
 But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
 Hid his pity in his pride.  
 "You shall be a hunter good,  
 Knowing never lack of food:  
 You shall be a warrior great,  
 Wise as fox and strong as bear;  
 Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
 If with patient heart you wait  
 Bravely till your task is done.  
 Better you should starving die  
 Than that boy and squaw should cry  
 Shame upon your father's son!"

When next morn the sun's first rays  
 Glistened on the hemlock sprays,  
 Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
 And boiled samp and moose meat brought.  
 "Rise and eat, my son!" he said.  
 Lo, he found the poor boy dead!  
 As with grief his grave they made,  
 And his bow beside him laid,

Pipe, and knife, and wampum braid,  
 On the lodge top overhead,  
 Preening smooth its breast of red  
 And the brown coat that it wore,  
 Sat a bird, unknown before.  
 And as if with human tongue,  
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung:  
 "I, a bird, am still your son,  
 Happier than if hunter fleet,  
 Or a brave, before your feet  
 Laying scalps in battle won.

Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
 Lodge and corn land; hovering near,  
 To each wigwam I shall bring  
 Tidings of the coming spring;  
 Every child my voice shall know  
 In the moon of melting snow,  
 When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the windflower lifts its bells,  
 As their fond companion  
 Men shall henceforth own your son,  
 And my song shall testify  
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life and death,

Bird for boy, and still the same.  
 If my young friends doubt that this  
 Is the robin's genesis,  
 Not in vain is still the myth  
 If a truth be found therewith :  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;  
 Happier far than hate is praise, —  
 He who sings than he who slays.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## DIAMOND AND THE NORTH WIND

### I

I AM going to tell you how it fared with a boy who made a journey to the back of the north wind.

The boy's name was Diamond, and he lived in a low room over a coach house; and that was not by any means at the back of the north wind. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were old and thin. Still, this room was not very cold, except when the north wind blew stronger than usual. I am not sure I ought to call it a room at all, for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses.

Diamond's father, who was a coachman, had built a bed for the little boy in the loft, with boards all



around it. When Diamond lay there in bed he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark or moving sleepily in their dreams. There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof.

The back of Diamond's bed was only of boards, and on the outside of them was the north wind. Little Diamond found one night that a knot had fallen out of one of these boards and that the wind was blowing in on him in a cold and rather severe fashion. He jumped out of bed, got a little wisp of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and having thus made it into a cork stuck it into the hole in the wall. But the wind began to blow loud and angrily, and as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew the cork, and he could hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole. Diamond saw that the wind would not let his cork stay in the knot hole, so he gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.

The next day his mother discovered the hole in the wall and pasted a bit of brown paper over it, so that, when Diamond snuggled down the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could be talking to him? The wind was rising again and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking, and

very near him, too, it was. At last the voice, which sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed. The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was, in fact, a little corner of the paper loose, and through that the voice came.

"What do you mean, little boy — closing up my window?" said the voice.

"What window?" asked Diamond.

"You stuffed hay into it last night, and I had to blow it out again."

"You can't mean this little hole! It can't be a window, because windows are made to see out of."

"Well, that is just what I made this window for," replied the voice.

"But you are outside; you can't want a window."

"You are quite mistaken. Windows are made to see out of, you say. Well, I am in my house, and I want windows to see out of it. Won't you open this one for me?"

"Well, it's rather hard," answered little Diamond;

"you see, the north wind will blow right in my face if I do."

"I am the North Wind," said the voice.

"O-o-oh!" said Diamond, thoughtfully; and, feeling with his little sharp finger nails, he got hold of the paper and tore it off at once. In came a long whistling spear of cold and struck him in the face. He scrambled and tumbled in under the bedclothes and drew them over his head. There was no paper now between him and the voice; and, though he was not exactly frightened, he thought this North Wind that lived in the great house called Out-of-Doors must be a very strange person.

Suddenly a tremendous blast of wind swept into the room. Diamond started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful pale face of a woman. What was most strange was that away from her head streamed her black hair in every direction. As Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell all about her again, until her face looked out of the midst of it like the moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair, and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

"Will you go with me, you little Diamond?" said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, eagerly.

"Follow me, then," she said, leading the way among the mountains of hay.

Diamond followed her, and she led him across the garden. With one bound she was on top of the wall. Diamond was left at the foot.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Please, I can't jump like that."

She reached down, Diamond laid hold of her hand, gave a great spring, and stood beside her.

"This is nice!" he said.

Another bound, and they stood in the road by the river. The stars were shining clear in the water's depths, for it lay calm and still. They walked along the river's side. But they had not gone far before its surface was covered with ripples, and the stars had vanished from its bosom.

North Wind's hair was flying about her head, and the wind was blowing a breeze down the river. But she turned aside and went up a narrow lane, and as she went, her hair fell down around her.

"I have some disagreeable work to do to-night, before I get out to sea," she said, "and I must set about it at once. Disagreeable work must always be looked after first."

So saying, she laid hold of Diamond and began to run, gliding along faster and faster. Diamond kept

up with her as well as he could. The stars were shining clear and cold overhead. There was not a cloud to be seen. The air was sharp, but Diamond did not find it cold.

"Now," said the lady, "whatever you do, do not let my hand go."

She stood still a moment.

"I am getting ready to sweep one of my rooms," she said, looking down on Diamond with a pleasant smile. "Those careless, greedy children make it so untidy."

As she spoke, he saw that she was growing larger and larger. The next moment he felt himself rising up in the air. North Wind grew towering up to the place of the clouds. Her hair went streaming out from her till it spread like a mist over the stars.

The earth was rushing past like a river or sea below them. Trees and water and green grass hurried away underneath. And now there was nothing but the roofs of houses, sweeping along like a great torrent of stones and rocks. Chimneys fell, and tiles flew from the roofs. There was a great roaring, for the wind was rushing against the city like a sea; but in North Wind's arms, Diamond, of course, felt nothing of it at all.

"Please, North Wind," he said, "what is that noise?"

From high over his head came the voice of North Wind answering him gently : —

“The noise is my broom. I am the old woman that sweeps the cobwebs from the sky; only I am busy with the floor now.”

“What makes the houses look as if they were running away?”

“I am sweeping so fast over them.”

“But, please, North Wind, I knew the city was very big, but I didn’t know it was so big as this. It seems as if we should never get away from it.”

“We are going round and round, else we should have left it long ago.”

“Is this the way you sweep, North Wind?”

“Yes, I go round and round with my great broom, until the whole city is cleaned and aired.”

“Please, would you mind going a little slower, for I want to see the streets?”

“You won’t see much now,” answered North Wind, “because I have swept nearly all the people home.”

She dropped a little toward the roofs of the houses, so that Diamond could see down into the streets, when suddenly he found himself back in his warm bed in the loft, thinking what a curious dream he had had.

But the next day the memory of it all grew brighter and brighter in his head, until it did not look alto-

gether like a dream, and he began to doubt whether he had not been abroad in the wind last night.

## II

It was some time before Diamond saw the lady of the wind again, and he had begun to feel as if North Wind were a dream of some far-off year.

One hot evening he had been sitting in a little summerhouse at the bottom of the lawn — a wonderful thing for beauty, the boy thought, for a little window in the side of it was made of colored glass. He sat there gazing at a bed of tulips, which, although they had closed for the night, could not go quite asleep, for the wind kept waving them about. All at once he saw a great bumblebee fly out of one of the tulips.

“There! that is something done,” said a voice — a gentle, merry, childish voice, but so tiny. “I thought he would have had to stay there all night, poor fellow!”

Diamond could not tell whether the voice was near or far away, it was so small and yet so clear. He had never seen a fairy, but he had heard of such, and he began to look all about for one. And there was the tiniest creature sliding down the stem of the tulip!

“Are you the fairy that herds the bees?” he asked,



going out of the summerhouse and down on his knees on the green shore of the tulip bed.

"I'm not a fairy," answered the little creature, "you stupid Diamond! Have you never seen me before?"

And as she spoke a moan of wind bent the tulips almost to the ground, and the creature laid her hand on Diamond's shoulder. In a moment he knew that it was North Wind.

"I am very stupid," he said; "but I never saw you so small before."

"Must you see me every size that can be measured before you know me, Diamond?"

"But how could I think it was you taking care of a great stupid bumblebee?"

"The more stupid he was the more need he had to be taken care of. What with sucking honey and trying to open the door, he was nearly dazed."

"But how do you have time to look after bees?"

"I don't look after bees. I had this one to look after. It was hard work though."

"Why, you could blow a chimney down, or — or — a boy's cap off," said Diamond.

"Both are easier than to blow a tulip open. But I am always able for what I have to do. When I see my work, I just rush at it and it is done. I have work to do now, so I must not chatter."

“Very well, North Wind,” said Diamond. “What are you going to do first, if you please?”

“Come out to the road with me, just in front of the coach house, and I will show you.”

North Wind grew very small indeed, so small that she could not have blown the dust off a dusty miller. Diamond could not even see the blades of grass move as she flitted along by his foot. They left the lawn, went out by the wicket in the coach-house gates, and then crossed the road to the low wall that separated it from the river.

North Wind gave a little bound and stood on the top of the wall. She was just about the height a dragon fly would be if it stood on end.

“Look there,” she said. “Do you see a boat with a man in it?”

“Yes, quite well,” answered Diamond. “He’s not much of a rower, paddling first with one oar and then the other.”

“Now look here!” said North Wind.

And she flashed like a dragon fly across the water, whose surface rippled and puckered as she passed. The next moment the man in the boat glanced about him, and bent to his oars. The boat flew over the rippling water. Man and boat and river were awake. The same instant, almost, North Wind perched again upon the river wall.

"How did you do that?" asked Diamond.

"I blew in his face," answered North Wind, "and that woke him up. Look at him, how he is pulling! I blew the mist out of him."

"But how did you do it?"

"That is just what I cannot tell you. I have to do ten thousand things without being able to tell how."

"I don't like that," said Diamond.

He was staring after the boat. Hearing no answer, he looked down to the wall. North Wind was gone. Away across the river went a long ripple. The man in the boat was putting up a sail. The moon was coming to herself on the edge of a great cloud, and the sail began to shine white. Diamond rubbed his eyes, and wondered what it was all about, but he could make nothing of it. So he put his hands in his pockets and went in to have his tea. The night was very hot, for the wind had fallen again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many, many times after this did Diamond see his beautiful friend North Wind, and always in a new form. Sometimes she was as tiny and dainty as a fairy as she gently waved the flowers to and fro. Sometimes she was again the tall, beautiful woman, and then Diamond loved to watch her at her work. But sometimes she was the mighty spirit of the storm.

Then she was like some great giant, and Diamond trembled at the roaring winds and the crashing peals of thunder. Yet he was safe, nestled in North Wind's strong arms.

Whether it was all a dream or not, I cannot tell, but this I know. Diamond loved North Wind so much that he grew to love all the more her great, wonderful, beautiful house, with its blue ceiling, its grassy floor, and all the living things in it that North Wind loves and cares for.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

*From "At the Back of the North Wind."*

## THE O'LINCOLN FAMILY

A FLOCK of merry singing birds were sporting in the  
grove,

Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making  
love.

There were Bobolincoln, Wadolincoln, Winterseeble,  
Conquedle, —

A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle, —  
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincoln, see, see, Bobo-  
lincoln,

Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups!  
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap  
Bobbing in the clover there — see, see, see!"

Up flies Bobolincoln; perching on an apple tree,  
 Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery,  
 Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curveting in the air,  
 And merrily he turns about, and warns him to be-  
       ware!

"'Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the  
       rushes, O!

But wait a week, till flowers are cheery, — wait a week,  
       and ere you marry,

Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!

Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mel-  
       low;

Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the  
       hollow;

Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise and  
       now they fly;

They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the  
       middle, and wheel about, —

With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincoln, listen to me,  
       Bobolincoln,

Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's  
       speedily doing,

That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!  
 Bobolincoln, Wadolincoln, Winterseeble, follow, follow  
       me!"

— WILSON FLAGG.

## THE OAK TREE AND THE IVY

IN the greenwood stood a mighty oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and all the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the ivy loved the oak tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet, and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the oak tree pitied the ivy.

“Oho!” he cried, laughing boisterously but good-naturedly, — “oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well then; play about my feet, and I will keep the storms



from you and will tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds, and the stars."

The ivy marveled greatly at the strange stories the oak tree told; they were stories the oak tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the east, sometimes of the broad prairies in the west, sometimes of the ice king who lived in the north, and sometimes of the flower queen who dwelt in the south. Then too, the moon told a story to the oak tree every night, — or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot, as we all know. And the oak tree repeated to the ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

"Pray, what are the winds saying now?" or "What song is that I hear?" the ivy would ask; and then the oak tree would repeat the story or the song, and the ivy would listen in great wonderment.

Whenever the storms came, the oak tree cried to the little ivy: "Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee! See how strong I am; the tempest does not so much as stir me — I mock its fury!"

Then, seeing how strong and brave he was, the



ivy hugged him closely; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm, and she was secure.

The years went by; how quickly they flew, — spring, summer, winter and then again spring, summer, winter, — ah, life is short in the greenwood as elsewhere! And now the ivy was no longer a weakly little vine to excite the pity of the passer-by. Her thousand beautiful arms had twined hither and thither about the oak tree, covering his brown and knotted trunk, shooting forth a bright, delicious foliage, and stretching far up among his lower branches.

The oak tree was always good and gentle to the ivy. “There is a storm coming over the hills,” he would say. “The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee.”

Then the ivy would cling more closely to the oak tree, and no harm came to her.

Although the ivy was the most luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the oak tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughingly called to his feet that spring day, many years before, — the same little ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds, and the birds. And just as patiently as in those days he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs — tales of the ocean in the east, the prairies in the west, the ice king in

the north, and the flower queen in the south. And the ivy heard him tell these wondrous things, and she never wearied with the listening.

“How good the oak tree is to the ivy!” said the ash. “The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the strong oak tree and hear him tell his stories!”

The ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothing of them to the oak tree, and that night the oak tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

“There is a storm coming over the hills,” said the oak tree one day. “The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy arms, and nestle close to me, and no harm shall befall thee.”

“I have no fear,” murmured the ivy.

The storm came over the hills and swept down upon the greenwood with deafening thunder and vivid lightning. The storm king himself rode upon the blast; his horses breathed flames, and his chariot trailed through the air like a serpent of fire. The ash fell before the violence of the storm king’s fury, and the cedars groaning fell, and the hemlocks, and the pines; but the oak tree alone quailed not.

“Oho!” cried the storm king, angrily, “the oak

tree does not bow to me, he does not tremble in my presence. Well, we shall see."

With that the storm king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the oak tree, and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm king rode away.

"Dear oak tree, you are riven by the storm king's thunderbolt!" cried the ivy, in anguish.

"Ay," said the oak tree, feebly, "my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless."

"But I am unhurt," remonstrated the ivy, "and I will bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor."

And so it was that, although the oak tree was ever afterward a riven and broken thing, the ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

"I had hoped," she said, "to grow up to thy height, to live with thee among the clouds, and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear."

But the old oak tree said: "Nay, nay, I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age."

Then would the ivy tell quaint stories to the old and broken oak tree,—stories she had learned from the crickets, the bees, the butterflies, and the mice when she was a humble little vine and played at

the foot of the majestic oak. And these simple tales pleased the old oak tree; they were not so heroic as the tales of the wind, the clouds, and the stars, but they were far sweeter, for they were tales of contentment, of humility, of love.

So the old age of the oak tree was grander than his youth.

And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the oak tree then; for about his scarred and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the oak tree's age, which was the ivy's love and ministering.

— EUGENE FIELD.

*From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales."*

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## MY PET STARLINGS

THE rearing of a nest of starlings is always a difficult task, and I found it peculiarly so. I had to get out of bed and feed my birdlings at three o'clock in the morning, and then at four, and again at five, and again at six o'clock. In fact, I saw more sunrises during the infancy of those starlings than I ever saw before or since. It seemed pretty nearly all feeding; but even then they were not satisfied.

At length they could feed themselves and fly. No sooner did I open their door than out they came, one after another, and seated themselves on my head and shoulders, each one trying to make more noise than all the rest.

I got so tired of this sort of thing at last that I resolved to set them all at liberty. So, one day, I hung their cage outside my window and out they flew, but back they came into my room and settled on me as usual. Then, said I, "I am going to the garden." By the way they clung to me they seemed to say, "And so are we."

As soon as I began to dig with a spade the birds began to search for worms, and they ate every one I turned up. They evidently thought I was working for their benefit and pleasure. I threw down my spade and leaped over the fence and disappeared from their sight.

As I returned to the garden that evening, I said to myself, "I am rid of you at last;" for I could see no sign of my starlings. But in a moment, "Skraigh, skraigh, skraigh," sounded from the trees, and before I could escape, my tormentors were sitting on me once more.

About a week after this two of the starlings died. I kept the other two, and they grew to be very fine birds. Their cage was a large, roomy one, with plenty

of sand and straw in the bottom of it. I placed a dish or two, a bath, and a drinking cup in the cage, and had always a supply of fresh green weeds on the roof of their domicile. Besides their usual food of soaked bread, they had slugs occasionally, and flies and earthworms. Once a day the cage door was thrown open, and both birds would fly out with a shrill cry to enjoy a bath on the kitchen floor. Dick, the male bird, always insisted upon using the bath first, and his mate had to wait patiently until his lordship had finished. When they were thoroughly wet and draggled, their next move was to hop on to the fender, and there they would flutter and gaze pensively into the fire. Two more ragged, melancholy wretches you never saw. Soon their feathers were dry, and in a few minutes Richard was himself again.

Starlings have their own natural song, but their greatest gift is their power of imitation. The first thing that Dick learned to imitate was the rumbling of carts and carriages on the street. He was very proud of this accomplishment. Then he learned to pronounce his own name. He never failed to use the prefix "Pretty," and he was justly entitled to it. "Hezekiah" was the name he gave his mate, but I am sure no one taught him this.

Except when sitting on their perch singing or piping, these two little pets were never tired of exam-

ining everything about their cage. Dick's rule of conduct was, that he himself should examine first into everything, and should have the best of everything. He was to have the highest perch and the choicest food. In a word, he was to be king in his own realm. I do not suppose he hated Hezekiah, but he kept her in a state of subjection to his royal will and pleasure.

Sometimes Dick would sit down to sing a song, and presently his mate would join in with a few simple notes of melody. Dick would instantly stop singing and look round at her with indignation. "Hezekiah, Hezekiah," he would say, which clearly meant, "Hezekiah, how can you interrupt your lord and master with that cracked and quavering voice of yours?" Then he would commence anew, and Hezekiah, being so good natured, would soon forget her scolding and again join in. This was too much for Dick's temper, and Hezekiah was chased round and round the cage.

It was Dick's rule that Hezekiah should eat only at meal time, and then only when he was done eating. But I suppose his poor mate was often hungry between meals, for she would watch until Dick got fairly into the middle of a song and then she would hop down and snatch a meal on the sly. But dire was the punishment if Dick found her out.



I have said that Dick always kept the highest perch for himself, but sometimes he would turn an eye downward, and seeing Hezekiah sitting so cozily and contentedly on her humble perch, would at once conclude that her seat was more comfortable than his own; so down he would hop and send her off at once.

One morning Dick got out of his cage and flew through the open window. It was five o'clock of a summer's morning when he escaped, and I saw no more of him until, coming out of church that day, the people were greatly astonished to see a starling fly down from the steeple and alight upon my shoulder. He kept his perch all the way home.

He learned so well how to open his cage door that I had to get a small padlock, which he could not unfasten, although he studied it for months. He finally gave it up as one of those things a starling cannot understand.

Dick soon began to talk, and before long he had a fine list of words which he was never tired of using. As he grew very tame he was allowed to live either in or out of his cage all day long, as he pleased. Often he would be out in the garden alone for hours together, running about catching flies, or sitting up in a tree repeating his lessons to himself.

He took his lessons with great regularity, and soon learned to sing without a single wrong note. I used

to whistle the tunes to him, and it was interesting to mark his air of close attention as he crouched down to listen. When I had finished, he did not at once begin to try the tune himself, but sat quiet for some time, thinking it over in his own mind. If he forgot a part of the air, he would cry, "Doctor, doctor," and repeat the last note once or twice, as much as to say, "What comes after that?" Then I would finish the tune for him.

When I played on the fiddle he would listen with breathless attention, and as soon as I had finished he would say, "Bravo! br-r-ravo! bravo!" in three distinct tones.

Dick was extremely inquisitive. "Eh?" he would say, "What is it?" If two people were talking underneath his cage, he would cock his head, lengthen his neck, and looking down, would say, "What is it? What do you say?"

Dick never pronounced my dog's name when awake, but he often startled us at night by calling the name "Nero," in clear, ringing tones. He was talking in his sleep. He used to play with the dog, and would often go to sleep on Nero's back. But the cat and her kittens were his especial favorites. He used to annoy the cat by opening out her toes to examine them. At times puss lost patience and would pat Dick on the back with her paw.

He chattered and sang all day long. If ever he was silent, then I knew he was in mischief, and I was sure to find him in the kitchen tracing patterns on a bar of soap or tearing to pieces a parcel of newly arrived groceries.

When the sun shone in at my study window, I used to hang Dick's cage outside as a treat to him. He would remain silent for a time, and then stretch his head down toward me and begin to ask questions.

"Tse! tse! tse!" Dick would say. "Doctor, will you go a-clinking?" Going a-clinking meant going fly catching. Dick always called a fly a "clink." I would open the cage door, and Dick would perch himself on my finger, and I would carry him round the room, holding him up to the flies on the picture frames. And he never missed one.

Once Dick fell in a bucket of water, and called lustily for me; and I was only just in time to save him from a watery grave. When I got him out he did not speak a word until he had gone to the fire and opened out his wings and feathers to dry; then he said, "Bravo! br-a-vo!" several times.

Dick had a little traveling cage, for he often went with me on my journeys. No sooner would the train start than Dick would begin to talk and whistle, very much to the astonishment of the passengers, for the bird cage was up in the umbrella rack.

As Dick grew older, I am sorry to say that he grew more and more unkind to his mate. I was sorry for her and determined to play Dick a little trick. So one day, when he had been more unkind than usual, I took Hezekiah out of the cage and fastened a small pin to her bill so that it protruded just a little way, and then replaced her in the cage. Dick walked up to her at once, as if to ask her why she had left her perch without his leave. Hezekiah said nothing, so he pecked at her, once, then again and again. At last Hezekiah turned and attacked Dick. It was very amusing to see how Dick jumped as he said, "Eh? What did you say?"

It was a new sensation for Hezekiah to have the upper hand, and so she chased Dick round and round the cage until I opened the door and let him out. But Hezekiah could not live always with a pin tied to her bill, so, for the sake of peace, I gave her to a friend, and Dick was left alone in his glory.

Poor Dickie! One day he was in the garden shelling peas when some boys startled him and he flew away. I suppose he could not find his way back. I saw him only once again. As I was passing down through an avenue of trees about a mile from my house, a voice above in a tree called, "Doctor! doctor! What is it?" That was Dick, but a crow flew past and scared him again and away he flew.

## FARMYARD SONG

OVER the hill the farm boy goes,  
 His shadow lengthens along the land,  
 A giant staff in a giant hand;  
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,  
 The katydid begins to sing;

    The early dewes are falling; —  
 Into the stone heap darts the mink;  
 The swallows skim the river's brink;  
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
 When over the hill the farm boy goes,

    Cheerily calling, —  
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"  
 Farther, farther over the hill,  
 Faintly calling, calling still, —  
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,  
 With grateful heart, at the close of day;  
 Harness and chain are hung away;  
 In the wagon shed stand yoke and plow;  
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

    The cooling dewes are falling; —  
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,  
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,

The whinnying mare her master knows,  
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”

While still the cowboy, far away,  
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;  
The cattle come crowding through the gate,  
Lowing, pushing, little and great;  
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,  
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling.

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,  
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;  
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,  
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling, —

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,

Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

To supper at last the farmer goes;  
The apples are pared, the paper read,  
The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets' ceaseless song  
 Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;

Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;

The household sinks to deep repose ;

But still in sleep the farm boy goes

Singing, calling, —

“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !”

And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,

Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,

Murmuring, “So, boss ! so !”

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### RABBIT WAYS

IN your walks in the woods did you ever notice a little furrow or tunnel through the underbrush, a tiny roadway in the briers and huckleberry bushes ? Did you ever try to follow this path to its beginning or end, wondering who traveled it ?

Enter any wild tract of wood or high swamp along the creek, and look sharp as you cut across the underbrush. You will not go far before finding a narrow runway under your feet, a path about five inches wide, leading in no particular direction. It is evidently made by cutting off the small stems of vines and bushes at an inch or more from the



ground. The work looks as if it had been laid out by rule and done with a sharp knife, it is so regular and clean.

This is a rabbit road. Follow it a few rods and you will find it crossed by another road, exactly similar. Take the new path now, and soon you are branching off, turning, and joining other roads. You are in rabbit land, traveling its highways — the most entangling system of thoroughfares that was ever constructed. There are finger boards and milestones along the way, but they point nowhere and mark no distances except to the rabbits. "Come in and get lost!" This is what one reads at the crossroads in rabbit land.

An animal's particular powers are in line with its needs and mode of life. The beaver, for instance, by the very demands of his peculiar life, has become the chief among all the animal engineers, his specialty being dams. He can make a good slide for logging, but of the construction of speedways he knows absolutely nothing. The rabbit, on the other hand, is a runner. He can swim if he is obliged to. His interests, however, lie mostly in his heels, and hence in his highways. So Bunny has become an expert road maker. He cannot build a house, nor dig even a respectable den; he is unable to climb, and his face is too flat for hole gnawing; but turn

him loose in a brambly, briery wilderness, and he will soon thread the trackless waste with a network of roads.

How maddening these roads are to the dogs and foxes! And who indeed, dog or man, ever found a satisfactory end to a rabbit's road,—that is, a nest, a playground, or even a feeding place? Old Calamity, the hound, is always tormented and undone whenever she runs foul of such a road.

She will start Bunny in the open field, and trail away after him in full tongue as fast as her fat bow-legs will carry her. The rabbit makes for the woods. Calamity is hot on his track, going down toward the creek. Suddenly she finds herself plunging along a rabbit road, breaking her way through by sheer force where the rabbit slipped along with perfect ease. She is following the path now rather than the scent, and all at once discovers that she is off the trail. She turns and goes back. Yes, here the rabbit made a short break to the right by a side path; the track is fresh and warm, and the old hound sings in her eager delight.

On she goes with more haste, running the path again instead of the trail, and — there is no path! It is gone. This bothers the old dog; but her nose is keen and she has picked up the course again. Here it goes into another road. She gives tongue again

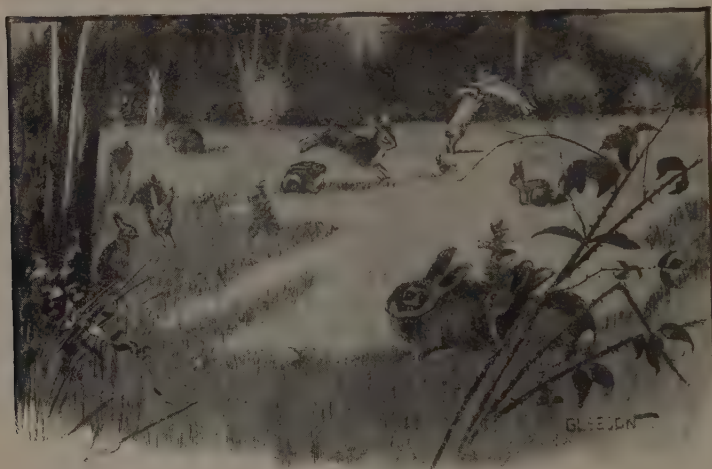
and rushes on, when — *Wow!* She has plunged into a thick and thorny tangle of green brier.

I suppose that this “blind alley” kind of road is due to the fact that the rabbits have no regular homes. They make a nest for the young; but they never have dens, like minks and coons, in this section of the country. Bunny cannot back into a burrow and bare his teeth to his enemy; he is not a fighter. He can run and he knows it; legs are his salvation, and he must have room to limber them. If he has to fight, then give him the open, not a hole. He had as well surrender himself at once as to run into a hole that has only one opening.

During the cold, snowy weather the rabbits usually leave the bare fields for the woods, though the older and wiser ones more frequently suffer the storms than risk the greater danger of such a move. When pressed by hunger or hounded hard, they often take to a rail pile, and sometimes they grow so bold as to seek hiding under a barn or house.

At one time my house was separated from the woods by only a clover field. This clover field was a favorite feeding ground for the rabbits of the vicinity. Here in the early evening they would gather to feed and frolic; and, not content with clover, they sometimes went into the garden for a dessert of growing corn and young cabbage.

Take a moonlight night in autumn and hide in the edge of these woods. There is to be a rabbit party in the clover field. The grass has long been cut, and the field is clean and shining; but still there is plenty to eat. The rabbits from both sides of the woods are coming. The full moon rises above the trees, and



the cottontails start over. Now, of course, they use the paths which they cut so carefully the longest possible way round. They hop leisurely along, stopping now and then to nibble the sassafras bark or to get a bite of wintergreen, even quitting the path, here and there, for a berry or a bunch of sweet wood grass.

“Stop a moment! Here is a side path where the

briers have grown three inches since they were last cut off. This path must be cleared out at once," and the old rabbit falls to cutting down the briers. By the time he has finished the path a dozen other rabbits have assembled in the clover field. When he appears among them, there is a *thump*, and all look up; some one runs to greet the newcomer; they touch whiskers, and then return to their eating.

But now the feast is finished and the games are on. Four or five of the rabbits have come together for a turn at hop-skip-and-jump. And such hop-skip-and-jump! They are professionals at this sport, every one of them. There is not a rabbit in the game that cannot leap five times higher than he can reach on his tiptoes and hop a clean ten feet.

Over and over they go, bounding and bouncing, snapping from their marvelous hind legs as if shot from a spring trap. It is the greatest jumping exhibition that you will ever see. To have such legs as these is the next best thing to having wings.

They are chasing each other over the grass in a game of tag. There go two, round and round, tagging and retagging, first one being "it" and then the other. Their circle widens and draws nearer to the woods. This time round they will touch the bush behind which we are watching. Here they come — there they go; they will leap the log yonder.

Flash ! Squeak ! Scurry ! Not a rabbit in the field ! Yes ; one rabbit — the limp, lifeless one hanging over the neck of that fox trotting off yonder in the shadows along the border of the woods !

The picnic is over for this night, and it will be a long time before the cottontails so far forget themselves as to play in this place again.

It is small wonder that animals do not laugh. From the day they are born, instinct and training are bent toward the circumvention of enemies. There is no time to play ; no chance, no cause for laughter.

The little brown rabbit has least reason of all to be glad, and yet he is glad. He is utterly inoffensive, the enemy of none, but the victim of many. Before he knows his mother, he understands the meaning of *Be ready ! Watch !* The winds whisper them ; the birds call them ; every leaf, every twig, every shadow and sound, says, "Be ready ! Watch !" Life is but a series of escapes ; little else than vigilance and flight. He must sleep with eyes open, feed with ears up, move with muffled feet, and at short stages he must stop, rise on his long hind legs, and listen and look. If he ever forgets, if he pauses one moment for a wordless, noiseless game with his fellows, he dies. For safety's sake he lives alone ; but even a rabbit has fits of sociability and gives way at times to his feelings. The owl and the fox know



this, and they watch the open glades and field edges. They must surprise him.

The barred owl is quick at dodging, but Bunny is quicker. It is the owl's soft, shadow-silent wings that are dreaded. They spirit him through the dusk like a huge moth, wavering and aimless, with dangling dragon claws. But his drop is quick and certain, and the grip of those loosely hanging legs is the very grip of death. There is no terror like the ghost terror of the owl.

The fox is feared; but then, he is on legs, not wings, and there are telltale winds that fly before him, far ahead, whispering, "Fox, fox, fox!" Reynard is cunning. Bunny is foresighted, wide awake, and fleet of foot. Sometimes he is caught napping — so are we all; but if in wits he is not always Reynard's equal, in speed he holds his own very well with his enemy.

— DALLAS LORE SHARP.

## THE SONG SPARROW

THERE is a bird I know so well,  
 It seems as if he must have sung  
 Beside my crib when I was young;  
 Before I knew the way to spell  
 The name of even the smallest bird,  
 His gentle, joyful song I heard.



Now see if you can tell, my dear,  
 What bird it is, that every year,  
 Sings "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,  
 And snow returns to hide the earth ;  
 But still he warms his head with mirth,  
 And waits for May. He lingers long  
 While flowers fade, and every day  
 Repeats his sweet, contented lay ;  
 As if to say we need not fear  
 The seasons' change, if love is here,  
 With "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat  
 Of many colors, smart and gay ;  
 His suit is Quaker brown and gray,  
 With darker patches at his throat.  
 And yet of all the well-dressed throng,  
 Not one can sing so brave a song.  
 It makes the pride of looks appear  
 A vain and foolish thing to hear  
 His "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

*From "The Builders and other Poems."*  
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## HARVEST SONG

THE God of harvest praise ;  
 In loud Thanksgiving raise  
     Hand, heart, and voice.  
 The valleys laugh and sing,  
 Forests and mountains ring,  
 The plains their tribute bring,  
     The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,  
 And joyous thanks proclaim  
     Through all the earth.  
 To glory in your lot  
 Is comely ; but be not  
 God's benefits forgot  
     Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise,  
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
     With sweet accord.  
 From field to garner throng,  
 Bearing your sheaves along,  
 And in your harvest song  
     Bless ye the Lord.

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## THANKFULNESS

LET me be thankful. Yes,  
Let me know thankfulness  
For things that help and bless  
    Along the way;  
Let me be brave and glad  
For all the good I had  
    But yesterday.

Let me set down the sum  
Of blessings that have come.  
Let me hear echoes from  
    My laughter,  
Till I care not to see  
What fate may hap to me  
    Hereafter.

Aye, each day let me find  
Contentment in my mind,  
Some word or action kind  
    My life to bless.  
And thus let me, I pray,  
Make every day a day  
    Of thankfulness.

— W. D. NESBIT.

## THE BOYHOOD OF DANIEL WEBSTER

MANY years ago there lived in New Hampshire an honest farmer whose name was Ebenezer Webster. His little farm was among the hills, not far from the Merrimac River. It was a beautiful place to live in; but the ground was poor, and there were so many rocks that you would wonder how anything could grow among them.

Ebenezer Webster was known far and wide as a brave, wise man. When any of his neighbors were in trouble about anything, they always said, "We will ask Captain Webster about it."

They called him Captain because he had fought the French and Indians and had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War. Indeed, he was one of the first men in New Hampshire to take up arms for his country.

When he heard that the British were sending soldiers to America to force the people to obey the unjust laws of the king of England, he said, "We must never submit to this."

So he went among his neighbors and persuaded them to sign a pledge to do all that they could to defend the country against the British. Then he raised a company of two hundred men and led them to Boston to join the American army.

The Revolutionary War lasted several years; and during all the time Captain Webster was known as one of the bravest of the American patriots.

Ebenezer Webster had several sons. Of the ten children in the family, the favorite was a black-haired, dark-skinned little fellow called Daniel. He was born on the 18th of January, 1782, and was the youngest of all the boys.

He was an affectionate, loving child; and he was wonderfully bright and quick.

As he was not strong enough to work on the farm like other boys, he was allowed to spend much of his time playing in the woods or roaming among the hills.

When he was not at play he was quite sure to be found in some quiet corner with a book in his hand. He afterward said of himself, "In those boyish days there were two things that I dearly loved, — reading and playing."

He could never tell how or when he had learned to read. Perhaps his mother had taught him when he was a mere babe. He was very young when he was first sent to school. The school-house was two or three miles away, but he did not mind the long walk through the woods and over the hills.

It was not a great while until he had learned all that his teacher was able to teach him; for he

had a quick understanding, and he remembered everything that he read.

There were no children's books in those times. Indeed, there were very few books to be had of any kind. But young Daniel Webster found nothing too hard to read.

"I read what I could get to read," he afterwards said.

One day the man who kept the little store in the village showed Daniel something that made his heart leap. It was a cotton handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States printed on one side of it.

In those days people were talking a great deal about the Constitution, for it had just then come into force. Daniel had never read it. When he saw the handkerchief he could not rest until he had made it his own.

He counted all his pennies and he borrowed a few from his brother Ezekiel. Then he hurried back to the store and bought the wished-for treasure. In a short time he knew everything in the Constitution, and could repeat whole sections of it from memory. It is pleasant to know that, when he afterward became one of the great men of this nation, he proved to be the Constitution's wisest friend and ablest defender.

Ezekiel Webster was two years older than his brother Daniel. He was a strong, manly fellow, and was ready at all times to do a kindness to the lad who had not been gifted with so much health and strength as he himself possessed. But he had not Daniel's quickness of mind, and he always looked to his younger brother for advice and instruction.

There was, therefore, much love between the two brothers, each helping the other according to his talents and ability. One day they went together to the county fair. Each boy had a few cents in his pocket for spending money, and both expected to have a fine time.

When they returned home in the evening Daniel seemed very happy, but Ezekiel was silent.

"Well, Daniel," said their mother, "what did you do with your money?"

"I spent it at the fair," said Daniel.

"And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?"

"I lent it to Daniel," was the answer.

It was this way at all times, and with everybody. Not only Ezekiel, but others were ever ready to give up their own means of enjoyment if only it would make Daniel happy.

At another time the brothers were conversing with their father, who had just returned home after several days' absence.



“Ezekiel,” said Mr. Webster, “what have you been doing since I went away?”

“Nothing, sir,” answered Ezekiel.

“You are very frank,” said his father. Then turning to Daniel, he said:—

“What have you been doing, Dan?”

“Helping Zeke,” answered Daniel.

One hot day in summer Mr. Webster and his youngest son were at work together in the hayfield.

“Daniel,” said his father, “I am thinking that this kind of work is hardly the right thing for you. You must prepare yourself for greater things than pitching hay.”

“What do you mean, father?” asked Daniel.

“I mean that you must have that which I have always felt the need of. You must have a good education; for without an education a man is always at a disadvantage. If I had been able to go to school when I was a boy, I might have done more for my country than I have done. I mean to send you to a good school.”

“Oh, father, how kind you are!” cried Daniel.

“If you will study hard,” continued his father, “if you will do your best, and learn all that you can, you will not be obliged to endure such hardships as I have endured. Better still, you will be able to do a great deal more good in the world.”

The boy's heart was touched by the manner in which his father spoke these words. He dropped his rake; he threw his arms around his father's neck, and cried for thankfulness and joy.

One evening, some time afterward, Mr. Webster said:

"Daniel, you must be up early in the morning, I am going with you to Exeter."

"To Exeter?" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes, to Exeter. I am going to put you in the academy there."

It was nearly fifty miles to Exeter, and Daniel and his father were to ride there on horseback. That was almost the only way of traveling in those days.

The next morning two horses were brought to the door, and they set out on their journey. The judge rode in advance, and Daniel followed behind. None of the country people who stopped to gaze at them could have guessed that the dark-faced lad who rode so awkwardly would some day become one of the greatest men of the age.

It was the first time that Daniel Webster had been so far from home. He was bashful and awkward. His clothes were of homemade stuff, and they were cut in the quaint style of the back-country districts.

He must have been a funny-looking fellow. No wonder that the boys laughed when they saw him going up to the principal to be examined for admission.

The principal looked down at the slender, black-eyed boy and asked : —

“ What is your age, sir ? ”

“ Fourteen years,” said Daniel.

“ I will examine you first in reading. Take this Bible, and let me hear you read some of these verses.”

He pointed to the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke’s Gospel. The boy took the book and began to read. He had read this chapter a hundred times before. Indeed, there was no part of the Bible that was not familiar to him. He read with a clearness and fervor which few men could equal.

The dignified principal was astonished. He stood as though spellbound, listening to the rich, mellow tones of the bashful lad from among the hills. Then he said, “ There is no need to examine you further. You are qualified to enter this academy.”

Most of the boys at Exeter laughed at the awkward new lad. They made fun of his homespun coat; they twitted him on account of his poverty; they annoyed him in a hundred ways.

Daniel felt hurt by this cruel treatment. He grieved bitterly over it in secret, but he did not resent it.

He studied hard and read much. He was soon at the head of all his classes. His schoolmates ceased laughing at him; for they saw that, with all his uncouth ways, he had more ability than any of them.

He knew that he was awkward ; and this made him timid and bashful. When it came his turn to declaim before the school, he had not the courage to do it. Long afterwards, when he had become the greatest orator of modern times, he told how hard this thing had been for him at Exeter : —

“ Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse in my room over and over again. But when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called and I saw all eyes fixed upon me, I could not raise myself from my seat.”

After leaving Exeter, Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College.

He was then a tall, slender youth, with high cheek bones and swarthy skin.

The professors soon saw that he was no common lad. They said to one another, “ This young Webster will one day be a greater man than any of us.”

Young Webster was well-behaved and studious at college. He was as fond of sport as any of the students, but he never gave himself up to boyish pranks. He was punctual and regular in all his classes, and he was as fond of reading as he had been when a child.

“ He minded his own business,” said one of the professors. “ As steady as the sun, he pursued, with intense application, the great object for which he came

to college. Everybody admired him for his manliness and good common sense."

He very soon lost that bashfulness which had troubled him so much at Exeter. It was no task now for him to stand up and declaim before the professors and students. In a short time he became known as the best writer and speaker in the college. Indeed, he loved to speak; and the other students were always pleased to listen to him.

*From "Four Great Americans."*

## A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION

I HAVE often visited an old stone house which stands on a grassy hill not far from the village of Millwood, beyond the Blue Ridge, in the valley of Virginia. At the foot of the hill there is a spring, which bubbles up beneath some weeping willows, and on all sides are green fields and woods and blue mountains.

The house is old and large. To the right of the front door is a long apartment with tall windows, and a fireplace so large that it holds an entire load of wood. In this room I have often mused about former days, and thought of the old soldiers gathered there once, talking about the days of the great Revolution.

This was the place of residence of Daniel Morgan, the brave soldier. He was a native of New Jersey, but he came to Virginia when he was young, and

worked as a farm laborer, for he was poor and of humble origin. But you will see that he was a braver and truer man than many who had greater advantages in beginning life.

Morgan's early manhood was not very quiet or respectable. He was a rough young fellow, and so much given to fighting that the village near which he then lived took the name of Battletown. His home was at a place called Soldier's Rest, near by, and this old house still stands. It is an interesting old house, for George Washington used to sleep in it when he was a surveyor here.

But Morgan was too brave a man to spend his time in idle brawls. He soon showed that he was fit for better things. No sooner did the Revolution begin than he raised a company of riflemen and set out to join Washington, who was then at Boston. They were all hardy young fellows, with "Liberty or Death" written on the breasts of their hunting shirts; they marched six hundred miles, and at last reached the end of their journey. It was in the evening, and Washington, who was riding out, saw them and stopped. Morgan stepped in front of his men, and, saluting, said:—

"General, we come from the right bank of the Potomac!"

At this Washington displayed great emotion. He

dismounted from his horse, walked along the line of riflemen, shaking hands with every man, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then mounted his horse again, and, touching his hat, rode away with-



out a word. He believed that Morgan and his men were the real stuff for soldiers, and in this he was not mistaken.

The Americans determined to attack Quebec, in Canada, which the English held, and Morgan was sent to help in this undertaking. The march, which took place in winter, was a fearful one, for the wilderness had to be traversed, and the sufferings of the men were terrible, but at last they reached Quebec. The attack was made at night, from the "Plains of Abraham," as they are called, west of the



old city, and it was a desperate and bloody affair. General Montgomery, who led the assault, was killed, and Morgan was taken prisoner.

Morgan had fought so desperately that the English were filled with admiration for him. He was their prisoner now, and the British general sent for him. He told Morgan that if he would join the English army, he should have the commission of colonel. This was a splendid offer to so poor and humble a man, but Morgan only frowned and grew angry.

"I hope," he said, looking sternly at the English general, "that you will never again insult me, in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!"

That was a brave reply, and showed the stuff Morgan was made of. He did not mean to sell himself for rank or pay. On another occasion, some years afterward, he made another speech of very much the same sort. After getting away from the British, he had gone on fighting bravely and had risen to the rank of general. At the battle of Saratoga, General Gates commanded the Americans, and as the English army had surrendered to him, he thought himself a greater man than Washington. He therefore set a scheme on foot to have Washington removed and himself appointed commander in

chief. The enemies of Washington secretly tried to find if the American officers would support Gates. When they came to Morgan, he very quickly answered them:—

“I have but one favor to ask of you,” he said in the same stern tone he had used at Quebec. “Never mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington as commander in chief will I ever serve.”

You may see at a glance that men of this sort may be counted on; and old Daniel Morgan, as he always called himself, soon showed everybody that he was true as steel. No man was ever braver, and whenever he fought, as he did all through the war, from north to south, he showed that nothing could daunt him. This same battle of Saratoga was one instance, and his daring attack there was the cause of the British defeat.

His most important victory was the battle of the Cowpens, in the Carolinas. The Americans had been defeated everywhere, and were retreating before the English, and on their heels rushed Colonel Tarleton who commanded the British cavalry, certain that he was about to destroy them. Colonel Tarleton was a very brave soldier, but as cruel and boastful as he was courageous. He now hastened after Morgan, who was in command of the Americans; and wher-

ever he stopped, he boasted that he would soon overtake Morgan and cut him to pieces.

It seemed that he would be able to do this, as he had, in addition to his cavalry, a considerable force of infantry and plenty of cannon. He supposed that Morgan would not dare to stop to fight him; but in this he was mistaken. Suddenly he came upon the Americans drawn up in line of battle, and instead of flying Morgan awaited his attack. The English fought hard, but they had found a tough obstacle in "Old Morgan." He would not yield, and the end of it was that, before night, Colonel Tarleton was himself flying, with all his men and cannon, and with Morgan following close on his heels.

I should like to tell you more about the hard fighting of brave old Daniel Morgan for his country, but of this you may read in other books. He died in Winchester, a celebrated old man, with his gold medal from Congress, and enjoying the respect and regard of Washington.

The old house which I have described is more closely connected with his last days than any other place. It is interesting to visit it, and think of the tall soldier who once walked about the grounds and down to the old spring.

— JOHN ESTEN COOKE,

*From "Stories of the Old Dominion."*

## HO ! BONNY BOY

Ho ! bonny boy, with the freckled face,  
Freckled face and smiling,  
Tattered hat and jaunty grace,  
Dreamy thoughts beguiling ;  
Down where the willows nod and dance,  
Down by the sandy beaches,  
Hearing the rippling waves that prance,  
Or the song the catbird screeches.

Ho ! I say, with your dreamy eyes,  
Dreamy eyes and dancing,  
There's a land out yon where the rainbow lies,  
And the sunset gold is glancing.  
'Tis the land of Dreams, where fairies dwell,  
The land of Laughing Water ;  
But down in the vale, I've heard them tell,  
Is the baneful land of Loiter.

So, ho ! my lad, with the freckled face,  
Freckled face and smiling,  
Lift your eyes from the haunted place,  
And the fairies' sweet beguiling.  
Come up from the river's willowed shore,  
Come up from the sandy beaches,  
And lend your ear to the muffled roar  
Of the wind on the hilltop reaches.

For there's truth in life, my boy, you'll find,  
 And dreams are the play of fairies  
 That come to dwell in the sleepy mind  
 Of the boy who only tarries.  
 So, lad, come up from the loiter place,  
 From the river and the willows,  
 And against the morning set your face,  
 And against the rocks and billows.

— WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

*From "Journal of Education."*

### SIR ISAAC NEWTON

ON Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born, at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman and went to live at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school.

In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his mechanical skill. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With

the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

“He’ll make a capital workman one of these days,” she would say. “No fear but Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies.”

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac’s future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things. Others probably thought that little Isaac would be an architect, and would build splendid mansions, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac’s grandmother to apprentice him to a clock maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession.

And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for him-

self, and would manufacture curious clocks like those that contain sets of dancing figures which issue from the dial plate when the hour is struck ; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water.

This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about ; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour ; for the water clock would tell it in the shade and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still in existence on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has passed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life ; it marked the hour of his death ; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.



Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of gaining knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength.

Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which worked on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not very large, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac, for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true; I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made a little figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move

about and perform the duties of a miller. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office.

The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy.

At night, I think it probable, he looked up to the stars and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt that he should be able some day to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or

two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterward to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long



THE BOY NEWTON STUDYING THE STARS.

were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man

explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away ; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true life.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond ? One day, when Newton was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire.

On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would

have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

“O Diamond, Diamond,” exclaimed he, “thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!”

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterward; but, from his conduct toward the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown. He was made a member of Parliament and received the honor of knighthood. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

“I seem to myself like a child,” he said, “playing on the seashore and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me.”

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly as while his spirit animated a mortal body.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*From "Tales and Sketches."*



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

“WHAT means this glory round our feet,”  
The magi mused, “more bright than morn?”  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means that star,” the shepherds said,  
“That brightens thro’ the rocky glen?”  
And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang “Peace on earth, good will to men!”



All round about our feet shall shine  
 A Light like that the wise men saw,  
 If we our loving will incline  
 To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
 The simple faith of shepherds then,  
 And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
 Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong  
 But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
 Shall daily hear the angel song,  
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the coming feast.

I had among my fellow-passengers inside, three fine rosy-cheeked boys, full of health and manly spirits. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the feats they were to perform during their six weeks' freedom from book, birch, and teacher. They were full of joy at thought of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the delight they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed. But the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, the boys addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-

hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

I fancied that I saw cheerfulness in every counte-



nance throughout the journey. A stagecoach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance to a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some, with bundles and handboxes, to secure places. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side

of fresh country faces. At the corners are assembled groups of idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing the company pass.

Perhaps the coming holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me that everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages. The shops of the grocers and the butchers were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

I was roused from my fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy — “There’s John! and there’s old Carlo! and there’s Bantam!” cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them. He was accompanied by an aged pointer and the famous Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-

side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest. All wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last, one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the other two holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with much feeling, for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.

We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls on the portico, and I saw my little comrades and Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

*From "The Sketch Book,"*

## CHRISTMAS SONG

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young ;  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night .  
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod  
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with de-  
light  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched, and poor,  
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,  
And to every blind wanderer opens the door  
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.



Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*From "In Memoriam."*

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold.  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
 It came again, with a great wakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed ;  
 And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— LEIGH HUNT.

## THE THIRTEEN COLONIES

THE thirteen original colonies — “the old Thirteen,” as they were often called — were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. All the rest of the present states were made from these, or from territory added to these. The history of our country down to the Revolution is, therefore, the history of these thirteen colonies.

Each of the thirteen had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony.

Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed. Two of them — Pennsylvania and Maryland — had each a single proprietor, who owned the whole soil. New York had its “patroons,” or large landholders, with tenants under them.

Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecutions in Europe. Yet one of them —

Rhode Island — was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony ; and another — Maryland — was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments, some had royal governments without charters, and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

They were all alike in some things, however much they differed in others. They all had something of local self-government ; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen. Finally, they all grew gradually discontented with the British government, because they thought themselves ill treated. This discontent made them at last separate themselves from England, and form a complete union with one another. But this was not accomplished without a war — the war commonly called the American Revolution.

When the troubles began, most of the people supposed themselves to be very loyal, and they were ready to shout, “God save King George!” Even after they had raised armies, and had begun to fight, the Continental Congress said, “We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states.”

They would have been perfectly satisfied to go on

as they were, if the British Government had only treated them in a manner they thought just; that is, if Great Britain either had not taxed them, or had let them send representatives to Parliament in return for paying taxes.

This wish was considered perfectly reasonable by many of the wisest Englishmen of the day. But King George III. and his advisers would not consent; and so they lost not only the opportunity of taxing the American colonies, but finally the colonies themselves.

— THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

## AN APPEAL TO ARMS

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided,

and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we

have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our



battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

—PATRICK HENRY.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, —

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,

And dies among his worshipers.

—BRYANT.

## THE FATHERLAND

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scant borders to be spanned?

Oh, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,

Where God is God, and man is man?

Doth he not claim a broader span

For the soul's love of home than this?

Oh, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear

Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,

There is the true man's birthplace grand,

His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,

Where'er one man may help another,—

Thank God for such a birthright, brother:

That spot of earth is thine and mine!

There is the true man's birthplace grand,

His is a world-wide fatherland!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## OUR WINTER VISITORS

DID you ever wonder why there are fewer birds with us in winter than in summer? Perhaps you think it is because the birds have wings, and so are free to go where they wish; and that their choice is to go to the far south where the roses are always in bloom, and where the leaves are always green. Or you may suppose that birds do not care for skating, coasting, and snowballing, and so they take the winter time to visit the orange groves of Cuba, the coffee plantations of Brazil, the depths of the tropical forests of the Orinoco River, or the monkeys and crocodiles of Central America.

But these are not the reasons why so many birds seek the warmer regions when winter comes. Probably it is a case of necessity for them. They must have food for themselves, and above all a safe place to lay their eggs and rear their young. Now the birds which are with us in the summer are those which come up from the south because it is safer for them to build their nests in our dooryards, and in our woods and fields, than it is in the south.

But by far the greatest number of birds pass beyond us still farther north and lay their eggs in the uninhabited barren marshes and rocky islands of Labrador and Greenland, and in the stunted spruces

from Newfoundland to Alaska. Here they rear their young in safety. But as the winter comes on, those birds which live on insect food find signs of a famine. The mosquitoes and black flies which make life a burden for man and beast in those regions become scarce. The seeds of weeds and other plants are covered by the deep snow, and the birds are compelled by hunger to move southward. Old experienced heads lead off as guides, the others follow as best they can. Many get lost and perish on the way.

Birds then go south at the approach of winter to obtain food; with the retreat of winter they return north, for the purpose of reaching a place where they have learned from experience that it is safe to build their homes. Some birds travel enormous distances; they may go from Greenland to South America. There are some, however, which do not have to take such long journeys for the benefit of their health. These spend the summer in the far north, though some of them go no farther away than Nova Scotia. They have become so well adapted to their surroundings as to need only a short winter vacation trip away from household cares.

Some of these birds we can see almost any day during late fall, winter, and early spring. Such, for example, are the snowbird, the brown creeper, the nuthatch, the golden-crowned kinglet, and others.

There are some birds which remain with us during the entire year, and, therefore, may be called permanent residents, such as the crow, blue jay, screech owl, flicker, goldfinch, and others. In spring those which have been with us during winter return to the north, while those which nested here in summer come back to resume their housekeeping under our protection. So you see almost all birds travel a longer or a shorter distance north and south every year. This change of location is called a migration, and birds are migratory creatures.

How happens it that all birds are not forced to go south in winter to find the proper food? Why is it that flocks of goldfinches remain in the north the year round? We can readily recognize them in summer by their bright golden body and black wings and the black cap; but in winter they are not so brightly arrayed, the prevailing color then is very properly old gold with brown trimmings, more in harmony with the brown and dead-grass color of the fields. Why is this? It is to protect them from their enemies. For birds that are not of the color of surrounding objects are easily seen and caught by hungry beasts of prey.

Do you associate the bright yellow goldfinch with the yellow flowers of midsummer, and the same bird in brownish winter plumage with the brown leaves

and the dried seed cups of winter? Have you noticed what sort of food the goldfinch eats? If not, do not fail to do so at the first opportunity. Be on the lookout for that small flock of birds of about canary-bird size, which travels from field to field, tree to tree, with a teetering flight and a merry "teé-ter tee-teé." Follow them and learn for what they are hunting.

While the goldfinch is with us always, there is another bird which visits us only in the winter and is almost the direct opposite of the goldfinch in habits, appearance, and disposition. Some day, if you have sharp eyes, you will make a new bird acquaintance. When you meet him he will be very busy running up or down a tree trunk in a spiral direction, searching in a funny nearsighted way for something which he never seems to find. His faint, squeaking "ugh, ugh," gives us the impression that he is continually mumbling to himself in a half-complaining, absent-minded way. If you get near enough to him you can see the cause of his complaint. There seems to be a scarcity of insects hiding under the bark. But it is hard to believe after watching him that he would fail to find the insects if they were there. He is very painstaking in his search of the crevices behind the rough bits of bark, probing them with his long, slender, curved bill, or sharply scanning them

with his black bead eyes. In the woods his weak little note is usually heard before the bird itself is seen. It is only by special attention that we discover this tiny, long, lean, brown, mouselike bird winding his way up the tree. We may catch a glimpse of him after he has completed his inspection of one tree and flies down to the trunk of another to begin his upward climb.

Can you now tell why this bird, called the brown creeper, should have such a dull color and such a queerly shaped bill, so different from the beak of the goldfinch?

There is a third winter visitor which is fond of entering sheds, barns, and even houses to catch the mosquitoes, flies, and other insects which stay in the buildings over winter to escape freezing. He is one of the very smallest of our birds, only the humming bird being smaller than he. He is one of the gentlest and most confiding of all the birds. You will know him when you meet him, from his small size, short tail, olive-gray color, and golden crown. This golden crown and his businesslike, fearless, lordly bearing have given him the name of golden-crowned kinglet. If you do not already know him, do not fail to make his acquaintance this winter. Call on him in his own home any winter's day, and if you are kind, gentle, and polite, he will be glad to see you.



Let us now look for a moment at the bustling little gray, mouse-colored, black-capped chickadee. He is continually telling you his name, so that you cannot mistake him, but he never stops hunting for insects and seeds. Do you know his sweetly plaintive call? Chickadees are always inquisitive, and will gladly leave their meal of insects to welcome you in hearty chickadee fashion, if you are careful not to frighten them.

But there is no busybody in the woods who knows all that is going on so well as that blue-and-white, handsome fellow, the blue jay. He is really the bad boy of the woods; yet, like most boys, he is bad only at times. Occasionally he steals fruit from the orchard or birds' eggs, and even kills young birds in the nest. But he eats a great many insects that are injurious to the trees, and so, much can be forgiven him for the good he does.

When you know how much the wild birds are doing for us, you will, I am sure, become their friends, and will not be content until, like Hiawatha, you have

“Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they build their nests in summer,  
 Where they hide themselves in winter, —”

and talk with them where'er you meet them.

—G. W. FIELD.

## FULL MOON AND THE BEAVERS

## I

JUST below the foothills of the Rocky Mountains lived an Indian with his wife and children. Near their home ran a stream of clear water. Along its banks grew many cottonwood trees, willows, and plum bushes. Wild vines twined gracefully around the bushes and trees. Their long tendrils reached from the branches of one tree to another, forming beautiful bowers for birds and beasts.

Full Moon was the eldest son of the Indian family. He loved to prowl about at night when the moon shone full and clear. He frequented the creek and its wooded banks, and the prairie, to learn of the animals that lived there. Every Indian boy is taught to watch and study the ways of nature's children,—the birds and beasts.

One night Full Moon lay some distance down the stream, stretched upon the bank, watching an old owl catch a weasel for its midnight feast. Suddenly there was a crash, and then another, that echoed and re-echoed along the stream. It was the noise of a falling tree that had startled the boy. He wondered if some one was stealing his father's timber. He stole quietly along on his moccasin-covered feet toward the place from which the noise had come.

Presently he found the stub of a tree trunk on the edge of the bank, with many newly made chips scattered about it. Across the stream lay a stately cottonwood tree with its top branches far upon the opposite bank. But where was the thief? Full Moon was puzzled. He put his ear to the ground and listened; there was no sound of distant footsteps. The chips were too small to have been made by the white man's ax. Full Moon became more curious and bewildered as he looked about on the ground for footprints. At length he saw around the stump of the tree large ducklike tracks which had been made by some strange animal. He followed the tracks down to the banks of the stream, where they entered the water. The young Indian sat long upon the bank and thought and thought about all the animals his grandfather had described to him. He was sure the tree had not been felled by a thief, but by the wonderful beavers.

Full Moon had now but one great ambition, — the hope of seeing and knowing the ways of the wise little animals about whom so many beautiful legends have arisen. How often had he searched the streams and wished that the Great Spirit would send the highly prized beaver, with its reddish-brown fur that made such warm caps and coats!

The next day, before dark, Full Moon, with his

boyish heart wildly beating, walked toward the creek. He crept along the bank of the stream until he came to a tall cottonwood tree, up which he climbed. He crawled out on one of its largest branches, and lay stretched along the big limb, from which he could see a long way up and down the stream. Thus he waited.

Presently he noticed a black object in the water floating toward him. On and on it came. First he thought it was a muskrat, but as it swam nearer he saw the animal was larger than a muskrat. It did not swim like an otter, and it certainly was not a mink. Could it be the beaver? The leaves from the branches above swayed in the breeze and obstructed his view. He trembled with excitement; his heart beat so hard he feared the approaching animal might hear it. Soon the leaves were blown aside, and there directly in front of him was the animal. He had seen the stranger at last.

It was indeed the beaver! He strained his eyes to get a better view. The animal swam upstream and was joined by a companion. When the two beavers reached a place where the bank was low and sloping they crawled up its side and walked awkwardly around among the trees, stopping now and then, and raising themselves upon their hind legs as if to listen.

Presently they selected a willow tree, and, with a few rapid cuts from their chisel-like front teeth, brought the tree to the ground. Then they peeled off some of the bark and ate it. After they had finished their repast they proceeded to cut the willow tree into lengths that could be easily rolled into the water, to float downstream to the spot they had selected for a dam.

It was now a busy time for the beavers. They had their dam and lodge to build, and food to gather for the long winter months. They would soon be locked in a home surrounded by ice and snow. So they worked the greater part of each night as only beavers can work.

On that first eventful night when Full Moon saw the beavers' tracks, the industrious little animals began to build their dam. They cut off the top of the tree which they had felled and dragged it out of their way. Then they bit off all the branches from the under side of the trunk, so that the tree could settle to the desired height to form the top of the dam.

Next they trimmed the upper branches close to the trunk, and used them to weave into the stubs that extended down from the trunk into the mud at the bottom of the stream. Then the brush from the top of the tree was pulled down against the upper side of the structure and covered with mud.

Nearly all night, for many a week, these little lumbermen felled trees and floated them down the stream. This work went on before Full Moon's astonished eyes as he lay, night after night, motionless upon the limb of the great tree. Once he moved to rest his aching body, and in an instant one of the beavers saw him. The startled animal plunged head foremost into the stream. It brought its great flat tail down upon the surface of the water with a heavy stroke which sounded like the report of a pistol.

The noise rang out on the stillness of the night, and caused even the heart of the brave Indian boy to quake. The force of the blow upon the water threw a spray several feet high, and this signal of alarm could be distinctly heard for quite a distance along the stream. With stiffened limbs the boy slid down the tree trunk and walked homeward. He had spent many nights with the beavers, and watched them at their work.

## II

At length the beavers finished their dam. Near its crest it was made porous, so that the water could filter through; thus the wise little engineers were able to keep the water in their yard always at the same depth. The beavers had completed one of the

most important of structures for their safety. The dam would insure them an abundance of water, and they were now ready to begin work on their winter home.

When the water rose in the dam it surrounded a little plot of ground in their yard, making a miniature island upon which the beavers built their winter home, or lodge. First they dug two long passages from the island far out into deep water. One was to be used as a family entrance and the other to bring in food. Upon the opening of the channels on the island, they built a rude-shaped structure composed of brush, wet earth, and stones. The outside of the lodge was covered with grass and mud, which the beavers smoothed down with their paws and allowed to dry in the sun.

There was but one living room in their winter castle. The floor of the room was covered with brush and was plastered smooth and hard with mud. The home of the beavers was not very handsome, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended. It defied the claws of any four-footed animals, and even the hunter's ax would find it hard to destroy. The wise beavers, housed snugly in their strong fortification, whiled away the dreary winter months. Diving here and there among other water neighbors, they were unseen by eyes looking down from above.

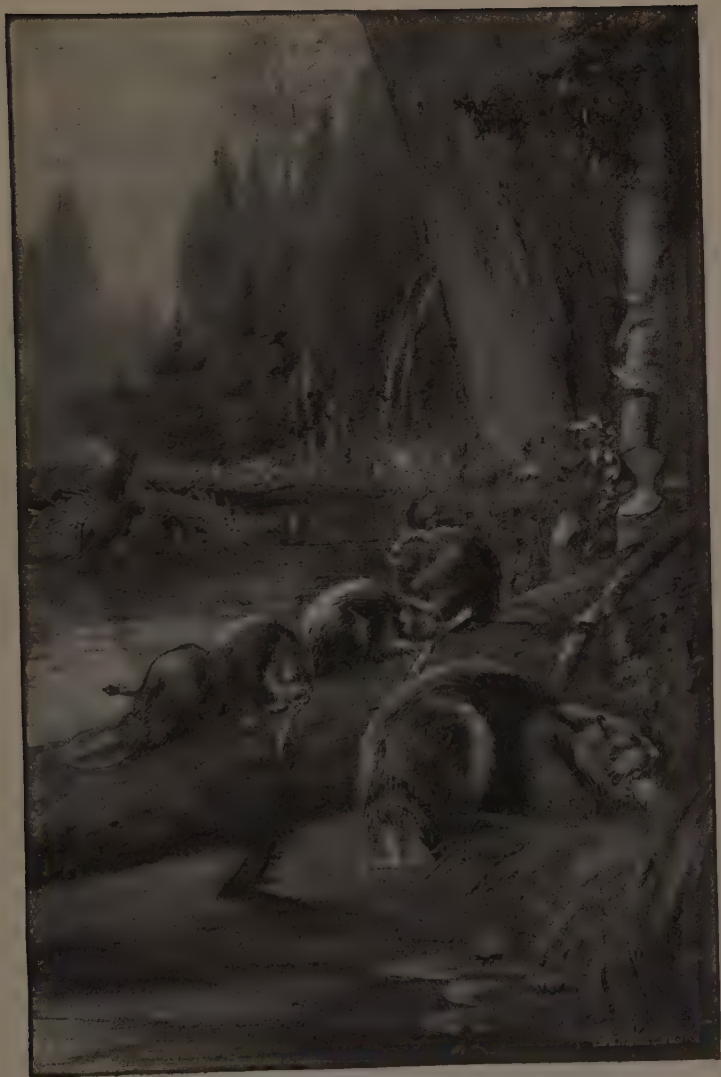


On the opposite side of the stream, where the banks were high, they made a long burrow. Starting under the water, they dug back into the bank for ten or twelve feet and stopped under the roots of an old cottonwood tree. This burrow they would use as a home in the summer time, and for a place of refuge in winter, should their lodge meet with accident.

The last hard task before the icy gates closed them within these walls was laying in the supply of bark which was to serve for food during the long winter months. Full Moon often visited the lodge while on his hunting rambles.

When spring came and unlocked the icy gates and frosty nooks, the beavers left their winter lodge and made their home in the burrow under the old cottonwood tree on the opposite side of the stream. During the month of May the master of the beaver home was often seen lazily floating about on the water or sunning himself upon the bank. Later his mate appeared with four little beavers. What wonderment was in their small eyes as they first beheld the great world about them! How light and strange and big it all seemed to them!

The beavers were not molested, and so they lost much of their shyness, and would often be seen floating and playing about on the water. The young beavers looked very cunning as they sat upon a log



THE BEAVERS AT WORK.

and daintily nibbled away at the root of a water lily or a piece of bark.

After the pleasant summer had passed, the happy lumbermen gave the young beavers their first lesson in the art of building. They began repairing their dam and enlarging their winter home. Then there was much more food to be stored away for the larger family. But in due time all was finished, and the beavers were again locked in out of harm's reach for another winter in their home on Beaver Creek.

The following spring there were six more little beavers added to the family, and in the fall the lodge was made larger. The third summer there were two new lodges built not far from the parent one. Each family gathered its own food supply, and would rather starve than borrow or steal from a neighbor. Each dug its own family burrow for the summer use, but the dam was repaired by the entire colony. In time other dams were built, and the watery city of mounds continued to grow.

One summer two trappers chanced to pass along the creek and discovered the beaver colony. They set their traps and went on up the stream. Just before dawn Full Moon heard a pitiful, wailing noise like the cry of a human babe in distress. He arose and went in the direction whence the pleading cries came. When he neared the creek the sight that

greeted his eyes stirred even the heart of the Indian boy. There on the bank sat two little beavers crying for their mother, who had been caught in one of the hunters' cruel traps. The victim proved to be one of the two pioneers that had laid the foundations of the now thriving beaver town. Long had the faithful pair lived together, and many were the struggles and hardships they had shared with each other. Many a narrow escape from death had they made together, and at last the mother was ruthlessly taken away.

The father's heart was broken ; he left his home and refused to be comforted. The remainder of his days he spent in solitude under the bank some distance up the stream and away from the scenes of his joyous earlier life. At last, old, heart-broken, and discouraged, he carelessly stepped into a trap, and thus was ended his wretched existence.

Full Moon took the orphans home with him. In a brief time the little beavers became very tame. They followed the Indian boy about like little dogs, and came to him when called, often walking on their hind feet and balancing themselves with their tails.

They always showed great affection for their master. Once, while he was away for several days, they walked about the room whining and would not be comforted. When he returned they climbed upon his lap and showed their pleasure at his presence.

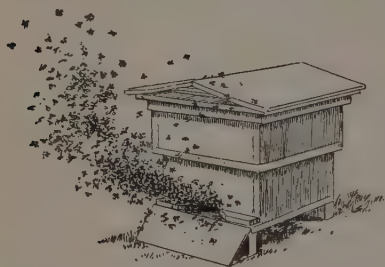
As the years passed by the beaver colony increased, but in time the inhabitants were all trapped and the dams and lodges were broken down. All that now remains in memory of the once prosperous city of beavers is the name which this wise and ancient family gave to the creek on which they lived.

RUTH A. COOK.

*From "Along Four-footed Trails."*

### A WONDERFUL CITY

I AM going to ask you to visit with me one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It is a city with



no human beings in it, and yet it is densely populated. In it you will find streets, but no pavements, for the inhabitants walk along the walls of the houses.

In the houses you will see no windows, for each house just fits its owner, and the door is the only opening in it. Though made without hands, these houses are most evenly and regularly built, in tiers one above the other. Here and there a few royal palaces, larger and more spacious than the rest, catch the eye as they stand out at the corners of the streets.

Some of the ordinary houses are used to live in, while others serve as storehouses, where food is laid

up in the summer to feed the residents during the winter. When it is very cold outside, the inhabitants, having no fires, keep themselves warm within the city by clustering together and never venturing out of doors. But the gates are never shut; that is not necessary, for in this strange city all of the citizens obey the laws. They go out when it is time to go out, come home at proper hours, and stay at home when it is their duty to do so.

A queen reigns over this numerous population, and you might perhaps fancy that, having so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, she would do nothing but amuse herself. On the contrary, she seldom goes out of the city, but works as hard as the rest in performing her own royal duties. From sunrise to sunset, whenever the weather is fine, all is life, activity, and bustle in this busy city. Though the gates are so narrow that only a few inhabitants can pass each other on their way through them, yet thousands go in and out every hour of the day. All seems confusion and disorder in this rapidly moving throng, but in reality each has her own work to do, and perfect order reigns over the whole.

No doubt you have guessed already that this wonderful city which I am describing is a beehive; for where in the whole world can we find so busy, so industrious, or so orderly a community as among the bees?



Let us suppose that we go into a country garden one fine summer morning, when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough a black object, which looks very much like a large plum pudding.

On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees, clinging to one another by their legs. There may be from twenty thousand to forty thousand of these little creatures hanging together in this single swarm.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But, as we do not wish to lose their honey, we will bring a hive. Holding it under the swarm, we shake the bough so sharply that the bees fall instantly into the hive, and cling to the sides as





we place it on the stand where the hive is to rest. And now let us suppose that we are able to see what is going on in the hive. A number of large, lumbering fellows will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive and wait for the others to feed them. But these are the drones, who never do any work, except during one or two days, in their whole lives. The smaller working bees begin to be busy at once. Some fly away in search of honey. Others walk carefully all around the inside of the hive to find any cracks that are there. Then they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum. With this they cement the cracks and make the hive air-tight.

But most of the bees begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the bough of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while, and you will soon see one bee come out from among her companions and settle on the ceiling of the hive. With her fore legs she will take a scale of wax, hold it in her claws, and bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws; then, moistening it with her tongue, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

The home of the bees is sometimes called a castle of wax. But where do they obtain the wax out of

which to make the comb that is to hold the honey? They make it themselves. If you observe the bees closely during the height of the honey harvest, you will see little pearly disks or scales of wax protruding between the rings that form the body of the bee. If you will examine them with a magnifier, you will find these wax scales of rare beauty. Out of them the industrious little workers construct the six-sided tubes which are to contain their stores of honey and beebread, and in which they are to rear their young.

And now begins the work of comb building. It would seem that a careful observer ought to be able to tell with ease how the bees build their honeycomb. But the little fellows have such a quick, sleight-of-hand way of doing the work that it is difficult to find out exactly how they accomplish it.

Let us see what we can learn by close observation. Here is a hive where the bees are at this moment building their comb near the glass window. There! One of them picks the wax scale from the body of a fellow-worker and silently makes her way to the top of the hive, where the building is going on. Reaching her destination, she gives the little piece of wax a pinch against the comb. One would think she might stop awhile and carefully fashion the material into its place; but no, off she scampers for another load. After her follows another busy worker

who has picked up her wax scale from the bottom of the hive. Quickly she deposits this lump of wax, gives it a little touch or a little rubbing and polishing, and she too is off again. Then come other bees, and then others and others, all with their burden of precious wax for the walls they are building. As a result of these maneuvers, in good time the honeycomb, with its six-sided cells, seems to grow out of nothing, as if by magic. No one bee makes an entire cell alone. The finished combs which will finally fill the hive are the product of the united efforts of the whole moving, restless mass.

As soon as a few inches of the first comb have been finished, the bees which are bringing home honey begin to store it in the cells. One cell will hold as much as many bees can carry, and so the busy little workers have to toil all day, filling cell after cell. The honey lies uncovered in the cells, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food. If there is any to spare, the bees close up the cells with wax, to keep the honey for the winter.

And so the life of this wonderful city goes on. The little worker bee lives only a few weeks, but in that time she has done her share of the work in the world.

— ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

*From "The Fairy Land of Science."*

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft.  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers  
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to  
 part ;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

“Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn ;”

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE HERO OF RATISBON

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood, on our storming day ;  
With neck outthrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, “ My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army leader, Lannes,  
Waver at yonder wall,” —  
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full galloping ; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
 You hardly could suspect —  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came through)  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace,  
 We've got you Ratisbon !  
 The Marshal's in the market place,  
 And you'll be there anon,  
 To see your flag bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him ! " The chief's eye flashed ; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
 Softened itself, as sheaths  
 A film the mother eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :  
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said :  
 " I'm killed, sire ! " and, his chief beside,  
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

## DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY

"That night, the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand." — II Kings, xix, 35.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the  
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath  
blown,

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew  
still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his  
pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.



And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail;  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—LORD BYRON.

## THE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

### I

IN the story of Robinson Crusoe we read about many stirring and wonderful adventures which befell him during his eventful life. The writer tells us that Crusoe was born nearly three hundred years ago in York, England.

According to the story, Robinson Crusoe was educated in a country free school and his father wished him to become a lawyer, but his head was early filled with rambling thoughts, and nothing would satisfy him except the life of a sailor. Robinson's father and mother urged him not to go to sea, but their pleadings were in vain, and on the 1st of September, 1651, he shipped in a vessel bound for London.

His punishment came quickly, for the ship was scarcely well on its way before the wind began to blow and the waves to rise in a frightful manner. As he had never been on the ocean before, he was violently seasick and much terrified in his mind.

The lad vowed that if he were spared to reach the land again he would never more set foot on a ship; but when the storm was over, and the sea grew calm, his courage returned and he forgot the vows and promises he had made in his distress.

After a time Crusoe reached London, and there he became acquainted with a sea captain with whom he shipped upon a voyage to Guinea. Later he set up for a Guinea trader himself.

On his first voyage he fell into terrible misfortunes. Being attacked near the African coast by pirates, his ship was disabled, some of the crew killed, and the rest, including Crusoe, taken as slaves.

At this change in his circumstances from a merchant to a miserable slave, Crusoe was overwhelmed, and ardently wished that he had never started out on his ill-fated voyages.

After having lived in slavery some two years, he inspired his master with such confidence in him that he was sent on short fishing trips. On one of these excursions Crusoe managed to escape in a fishing boat, and after many severe trials, made his way to Brazil.

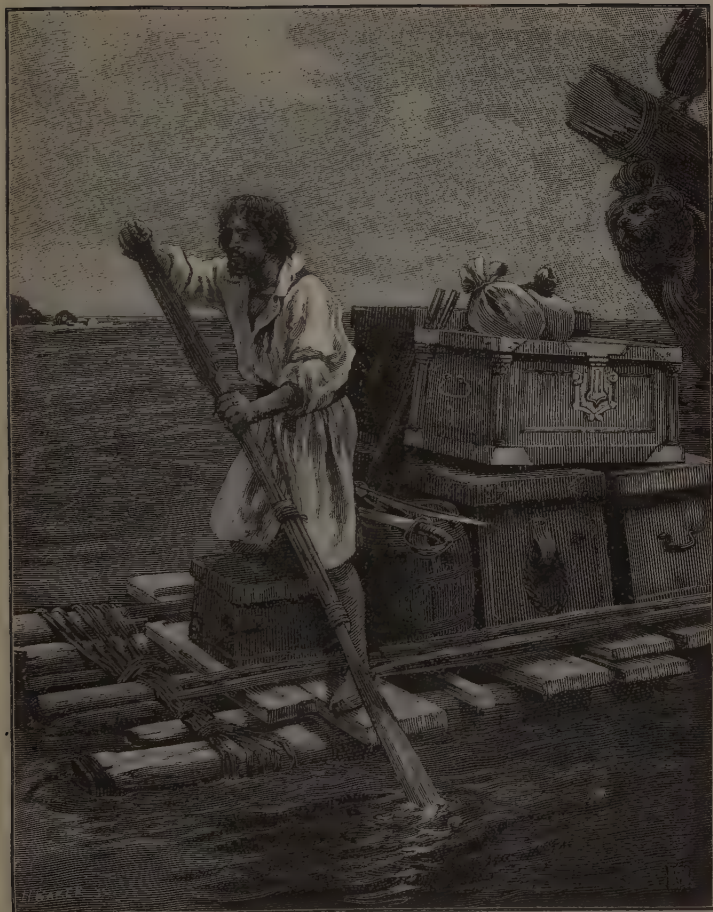
Here he turned planter and remained for several years. Finally he and some other planters determined to make a voyage to Guinea, and a ship being fitted out, Crusoe started upon another voyage.

When they had been twelve days on the ocean a violent hurricane overtook them, and they were blown quite out of their course. The fearful storm raged for many days. At last one morning, just as land was sighted for the first time, the ship struck upon a sandbar. Crusoe and his friends knew that the vessel was lost, and with great difficulty they launched a small boat, and getting into it, committed themselves to the mercy of the wild sea.

They had rowed, or rather had been driven, but a short distance, when a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling upon them with such fury that it overturned the boat, and in a moment the men were swallowed up by the angry waters.

Crusoe felt himself sink, but soon he knew that he was being carried a great way toward the land. This gave him new courage and he struggled forward. Soon he felt solid ground under his feet, and taking to his heels he ran forward with all his might. A great wave came rushing after him; it caught him up and carried him along the beach for some distance.

When the wave went back he rested a few moments and started a second time for the shore. But he was



CRUSOE ON HIS RAFT.

overtaken by another wave, which dashed him against the rocks and left him senseless. Recovering after a minute or two, he clung fast to the rock. The next wave was not so high, and when it ebbed he ran hard and reached the mainland. He climbed up from the beach, bruised and numb, and creeping upon the grass lay down quite out of danger.

Being safe, he thanked God that he had escaped from the waves. Yet he grieved to think that the captain, the ship's crew, and all his fellow-travelers were buried in the sea. It seemed to him very dreadful, and he shed many tears at their loss.

When Crusoe began to consider how matters were, he was frightened at his dreadful position. Though he had escaped without scar or scratch, he feared that he might suffer an awful death by starvation. He had nothing about him but a knife and a little tobacco. As night was coming on, he climbed into a bushy tree which grew near. He made himself as comfortable as he could in his lodging and soon fell asleep.

## II

When Crusoe awoke it was broad daylight. The storm had ceased and the weather was clear. He was surprised to see the ship driven almost to the rock on which he had been dashed; and he believed

that many useful and necessary things might be saved from it. As the sea was calm, and the ship only a quarter of a mile away, he swam out to her without difficulty. But he saw no way to get on board, as there was nothing to lay hold of. He swam around the wreck until he caught sight of a piece of rope hanging down by the forechains. Grasping it, he quickly climbed into the forecastle.

His principal desire was to search out the provisions and see what was spoiled and what was untouched by the water. His next thought was to make a raft on which to carry the goods which he might find to the shore. To do this cost him a great deal of trouble.

By fastening several yards and masts together with knotted ropes, and then laying planks upon them, Crusoe made a raft which floated well but could bear no weight. With a carpenter's saw he cut up a topmast into three lengths and added these to his boat. This done, he found it strong enough to bear any ordinary burden. He was now ready to load it. He broke open three chests and lowered them to his raft. These he filled full of provisions from the ship's stores.

He found a good supply of clothing and other things that had belonged to the ship's crew. He looked for firearms, and found two pistols and some



muskets. He secured two rusty swords, and found three barrels of powder, two of which he succeeded in putting upon his raft. He found two broken oars and a number of tools, including a saw, an ax, and a hammer.

Then Crusoe pushed off with his cargo. He made good headway toward the land, and, fortunately, ran into a creek, but found there a strong current. While trying to guide his raft in the middle of the stream he ran over a shoal and was nearly wrecked. After much labor, however, he brought his cargo safely to a landing place.

Crusoe now decided to view the country and learn whether he was on an island or a continent, in a place inhabited by human beings or by wild beasts only. He climbed to the top of a steep hill and looked north, east, south, and west. He could see the ocean in every direction, and he therefore concluded that he was on an island.

Still afraid, although there was no need for his fears, Crusoe slept that night surrounded by his chests and stores. The next day he got from the ship some nails, a bag of spikes, a dozen or two of hatchets, two iron crowbars, a grindstone, two barrels of bullets, and a hammock which served very well for a bed. He also brought away the ship's rigging, rope, twine, and canvas. He found a box of sugar



and a barrel of flour and several scraps of metal. After that he went aboard each day until he had brought away everything that would be of use to him.

On his last trip he discovered a locker with drawers. In one of the drawers he found two or three razors, a pair of scissors, knives and forks, and nearly two hundred dollars in gold and silver coins.

“Money, oh drug!” he exclaimed. “You are worth nothing to me, and might as well be at the bottom of the ocean.”

On second thought, however, he brought it away with him. That night there was a severe storm, and in the morning when Crusoe looked out there was no wreck to be seen. The ship had sunk during the night.

Crusoe next employed himself in building a dwelling. His humble lodge was to be on the side of the hill, where he found a green plain a hundred yards broad. He set up a fence of stakes in a half circle. There were two rows about six inches apart, and between them he filled in pieces of the ship’s cable.

Within the inclosure, near to the hill, he pitched his tent. Then he dug a cave in the side of the hill, which should be his cellar, kitchen, and storehouse. He worked at this some months.

The valleys were full of goats, and he could easily

shoot all that he needed for meat. Flint and tinder served him instead of matches, and he readily kindled a fire and cooked his meat by broiling.

Crusoe had no dishes, kettles, pots, or pans. For years he found it impossible to bake or broil, or even to make a little broth. Finally, he invented a method for making pottery, and made bowls, jars, and pitchers, and even a sort of oven. He lacked many things, especially a spade, a pickax, and a shovel. He fashioned a spade from ironwood, but he had no steel for the blade.

He made himself a chair and a table, and tried to make a wheelbarrow, or some kind of wagon, to haul his supplies. He made a sort of lamp in which he burned the grease from his cooking, and later he made candles from the tallow of goats. He had to split his boards from trees and leave them rough.

Crusoe was forced to be his own tailor. In time he learned to make clothes out of goat skins, turning the hairy side out so as to shed the water when it rained.

### III

Though living alone, Crusoe tried to be honest with himself, to be always reasonable, and as happy as possible. He did not despair, but profited by his mistakes. He did not repeat them, but learned to be wise by studying out the best ways of working.

After he had been on the island for some time, he journeyed over the hill to the opposite side, where he found melons growing, and great bunches of rich, ripe, purple grapes. He also found oranges and lemons, the juice of which made refreshing drink when properly mixed with water. This part of the island was his orchard. He could not carry the grapes far without crushing them, so he hung the bunches of fruit on the limbs of trees till the grapes were dried into raisins.

The bags which Crusoe took from the ship containing wheat and barley had been gnawed by the rats and spoiled. He threw the grain on the ground for the birds to eat. A few days later he saw some tender blades, and finally stalks and ears of barley. There was also some rice. He saved the seed, of which there was a double handful, and sowed it.

Having no harrow, he was obliged to rake or scratch the ground with the bough of a tree. In time he raised thirty or forty bushels of grain each year. He used one of his swords for a scythe with which to mow his crop. He threshed his grain by rubbing it in his hands. He still lacked a mill to grind it and a sieve to separate the meal and flour from the bran and chaff. By hard work he contrived to make a small sieve and a stone mortar.

For some years he had no milk, butter, or cheese.

At last he thought he might keep a herd of goats. He made several traps by digging pits in the ground and covering them with boughs. One morning he found that he had captured an old goat and three kids. In a year and a half he had a herd of twelve goats. Now he had plenty of milk each day.

Robinson Crusoe's household included a dog and some cats which he had saved from the ship, a parrot, and other tame birds. He could truly say:—

“I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the center all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.”

After living without neighbors for many years, Crusoe was one day much frightened by seeing foot-prints of a man in the sand. He would not have had more cause for fear if he had seen a giant. Some time after this he discovered a group of savages dancing around some prisoners whom they were about to slay. One of the captives escaped and ran toward the place where Crusoe was hiding. Crusoe was much frightened, but seeing that there were only two men following the fugitive, he beckoned to the fleeing captive and advanced slowly upon the other two. Suddenly he rushed upon the two pursuers, and shot one and knocked the other down with the stock of his gun.

The man that was saved now came forward, and kneeling down, kissed the ground, and put Crusoe's foot upon his head. This meant that the savage was swearing to be his slave forever, — and a faithful, loving servant he proved to be.

After a time Crusoe began to teach the savage to speak English. First, he made him understand that his name should be Friday, which was the day on which his life was saved.

Friday lived with his master for many years, helping him with his work, and going with him upon all his journeys about the island. They had many exciting adventures, and when at last Crusoe was rescued from the island, he took his faithful friend and servant to England with him.

Robinson Crusoe always made the best of everything that came to his hand. By using his common sense he overcame many difficulties that seemed at first too great for his strength. For a long time he endured much hardship, but he was finally rewarded for his labor and patience.

The story of Robinson Crusoe was written nearly two centuries ago by Daniel Defoe. Thousands, yes, millions, have read these strange and surprising adventures, and they are as fresh and interesting to-day as when the story was first told.

— SHERWIN CODY.

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant,  
(Though all of them were blind,)  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,  
And, happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
“God bless me ! but the elephant  
Is very like a wall !”

The second, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried : “ Ho ! what have we here,  
So very round, and smooth, and sharp ?  
To me 'tis very clear,  
This wonder of an elephant  
Is very like a spear ! ”

The third approached the animal,  
And, happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up he spake :  
“ I see,” quoth he, “ the elephant  
Is very like a snake ! ”

The fourth reached out his eager hand,  
 And felt about the knee :  
 “ What most this wondrous beast is like,  
 Is very plain,” quoth he ;  
 “ ’Tis clear enough the elephant  
 Is very like a tree ! ”

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
 Said : “ E’en the blindest man  
 Can tell what this resembles most.  
 Deny the fact who can,  
 This marvel of an elephant  
 Is very like a fan ! ”

The sixth no sooner had begun  
 About the beast to grope,  
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
 That fell within his scope,  
 “ I see,” quoth he, “ the elephant  
 Is very like a rope ! ”

And so these men of Indostan  
 Disputed loud and long,  
 Each in his own opinion  
 Exceeding stiff and strong,  
 Though each was partly in the right,  
 And all were in the wrong !

— JOHN G. SAXE.



## A DOG OF FLANDERS

NELLO and Patrasche were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little boy. Patrasche was a big dog. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy. And it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village — a Flemish village set amidst flat breadths of pasture and corn lands. There were long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal which ran through it.

Almost from their birth upward, Nello and Patrasche had dwelt together in the little hut on the edge of the village. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man — of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died and left him in legacy her two-

year-old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello thrived with him, and the old man and the little child lived in the poor hut contentedly.

It was a very humble mud hut indeed, but it was clean and white as a seashell, and stood in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were very poor, terribly poor — many a day they had nothing at all to eat. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-hearted creature. They were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more; save, indeed, that Patrasche should be always with them, since without Patrasche, where would they have been?

Patrasche was their very life, their breadwinner, their only friend and comforter. For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders, — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, and with wolflike ears that stood erect. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century — dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness.

He had been born to no other heritage than that

of pain and toil. Before he was fully grown he had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green mountains. They sold him for a small price because he was so young. His purchaser was a sullen, brutal man, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in sluggish ease.

Happily for Patrasche he was very strong, so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, and the curses. One day, after two years of this agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Antwerp. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust and sore with blows, Patrasche,

for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white dusty road, in the full glare of the sun. He was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him only kicks and oaths and blows, which had been often the sole food and drink, the sole wage and reward, offered to him.

But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, deeming life gone in him, the master struck off the leathern bands of the harness, kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road and left the dying dog by the roadside.

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was the last day before Kermesse, and hundreds of people went by, tramping quickly and joyously along the road to the great fair. Some saw him; most did not even look; all passed on.

After a time, amongst the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust. He saw Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass of the

ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child who pattered in amidst the bushes, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

The upshot of that day was that old Jehan Daas, with much laborious effort, drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields. There he tended the dog with so much care that the sickness, with time and shade and rest, passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, near to death ; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, the lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed ; and they learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived. When he first was well enough to utter a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for

joy at such a sign of his sure restoration. Little Nello, in delighted glee, hung chains of daisies round his rugged neck, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So, then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, his great wistful eyes had a gentle wonder in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him. But being a dog, Patrasche was grateful.

Now, the old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart. In this he carried daily to the town of Antwerp the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a league away.

Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of daisies round his tawny neck.

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, the dog arose and walked to it, and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten.

Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be refused: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.



At length Jehan Daas gave way, and fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it; and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog; for he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year. He would not have known how to pull his load of milk cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man, who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would,—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

A few years later old Jehan Daas, who had always been a cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age, and knowing the town well, took his





NELLO AND PATRASCHE.

place beside the cart, and sold milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their owners.

The little boy was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out. He could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream, and then wake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day. Then they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and then lie down together to sleep peacefully.

So the days and years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent, and healthful, and in summer especially were they glad.

These two asked no better, when their work was done, than to lie buried in the grasses on the side of the canal, and watch the vessels drifting by and bringing the crisp salt smell of the sea amongst the blossoming scents of the country summer.

True, in the winter it was harder, and they had to rise in the darkness and the bitter cold, and they had seldom as much as they could have eaten any day. In winter the winds found many holes in the walls of the poor little hut, and the bare lands looked very bleak and drear without. In winter it was hard, and the snow numbed the little white limbs of Nello, and the icicles cut the brave, untiring feet of Patrasche.

But even then they were never heard to lament, either of them. The child's wooden shoes and the dog's four legs would trot manfully together over the frozen fields to the chime of the bells on the harness. Then sometimes, in the streets of Antwerp, some housewife would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread, or some kindly trader would throw some billets of fuel into the little cart as it went homeward, or some woman in their own village would bid them keep some share of the milk they carried for their own food. And then they would run over the white lands, through the early darkness, bright and happy, and burst with a shout of joy into their home.

So on the whole it was well with them, very well; and Patrasche in his heart was very grateful to his fate, and thought it the fairest and the kindest the world could hold. Though he was often very hungry

indeed when he lay down at night; though he had to work in the heats of summer noons and the rasping chills of winter dawns, — yet he was grateful and content. He did his duty with each day, and the eyes that he loved smiled down on him. It was sufficient for Patrasche.

*From "A Dog of Flanders."*

— LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

### MARCH

THE stormy March is come at last,  
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;  
 I hear the rushing of the blast,  
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,  
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;  
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again  
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
 And thou hast joined the gentle train  
 And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,  
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,  
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills  
 In joy that they again are free,  
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,  
 Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides  
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat;  
 But in thy sternest frown abides  
 A look of kindly promise yet.

— W. C. BRYANT.

“CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD”

FLOWERS preach to us if we will hear: —

The rose saith in the dewy morn: —

“I am most fair,  
 Yet all my loveliness is borne  
 Upon a thorn.”

The poppy saith amid the corn: —

“Let but my scarlet head appear  
 And I am held in scorn;

Yet juice of subtle virtue lies  
 Within my cup of curious dyes.”

The lilies say: “Behold how we  
 Preach, without words, of purity.”

The violets whisper from the shade  
 Which their own leaves have made;  
 Men scent their fragrance on the air,  
 Yet take no heed

Of humble lessons we would read.  
 But not alone the fairest flowers ;  
     The merest grass  
 Along the roadside where we pass,  
 Lichen and moss and sturdy weed  
 Tell of His love who sends the dew,  
 The rain and sunshine, too,  
 To nourish one small seed.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## SPRING

THE spring — she is a blessed thing !  
 She is the mother of the flowers,  
 She is the mate of birds and bees,  
 The partner of their revelries,  
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see  
 Her coming by the budding thorn,  
 They leap upon the cottage floor,  
 They shout beside the cottage door,  
 And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,  
 Peeping the withered leaves among,  
 To find the earliest fragrant thing

That dares from the cold earth to spring,  
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,  
As if they had a chase of mirth ;  
The skies are blue, the air is warm,  
Our very hearts have caught the charm  
That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.

The agéd man is in the field ;  
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers ;  
The sons of sorrow and distress  
Are wandering in forgetfulness  
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good,  
With joys to store for future years,  
From which, in striving crowds apart,  
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,  
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up ! let us to the fields away,  
And breathe the fresh and balmy air ;  
The bird is building in the tree,  
The flower has opened to the bee,  
And health, and love, and peace are there.

— MARY HOWITT.



## THE TAMING OF THE WINGED HORSE

## I

ONCE in the old, old times a fountain gushed out of the hillside in the marvelous land of Greece. Just at sunset, one day, a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle brilliant with gems and a golden bit.

"And this, then, is the fountain of Pirene," observed the young stranger, as he took a drink of the delicious water.

"Have you lost a horse?" asked a countryman standing near. "I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said the young man, with a smile. "But I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which I am told must be found here if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse, Pegasus, still visits the fountain of Pirene, as he did in your forefathers' time?"

And then the countryman laughed.

"Pegasus, indeed," cried he. "A winged horse! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plow

so well, think you? To be sure there might be a little saving in the expense of shoes; but then, how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window? No, no! I do not believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made."

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon, quietly.

Some of you, my little friends, have probably heard that Pegasus was a snow-white steed, with beautiful silvery wings. He was as wild and as swift in his flight through the air as any eagle that ever soared into the clouds. There was nothing else like him in the world. He had no mate; he had never been backed or bridled by a master.

In the summer time Pegasus often alighted on the solid earth, and, closing his wings, would gallop as fleetly as the wind. He had often been seen near the fountain of Pirene drinking the water or rolling on the grass.

"Have you ever seen the winged horse?" asked the young man, turning to a little boy who stood near the fountain.

"That I have," answered the child; "I saw him yesterday, and many times before."

"You are a fine little man," said Bellerophon. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Why," said the child, "I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain, and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the picture of the winged horse in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down and take me on his back, and let me ride him up to the moon. But if I so much as stir to look at him he flies far away out of sight."

## II

Bellerophon put his faith in the child, and he stayed about the fountain of Pirene for a great many days. He watched the sky and the water, and he held the bridle with its bright gems always ready in his hand.

But the people who lived in the neighborhood laughed at him. They said that an able-bodied young man like himself ought to have better business than to be wasting his time in such an idle pursuit. They offered to sell him a horse if he wanted one, and they tried to drive a bargain with him for his fine bridle.

Perhaps you will wish to be told why this handsome young man had undertaken to catch the winged horse.

If I were to relate the whole of Bellerophon's adventures they might easily grow into a long story.

It will be quite enough to say that in a certain country of Asia a terrible monster had made its appearance, and was doing more mischief than could be talked about between now and sunset.

Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths in the world, and he had promised the king that he would either slay the dreadful beast or perish in the attempt.

The wisest thing that he could do was to get the very best and fleetest horse that could anywhere be found. And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs?

And this was the purpose with which he had come to Greece and had brought the beautiful bridle in his hand. It was an enchanted bridle. If he could only succeed in putting the golden bit into the mouth of Pegasus, the winged horse would own him for a master.

One day, as the young man looked down into the fountain, he saw what seemed to be a bird flying very high in the air.

"It is no bird," whispered the child. "Can you not see, dear Bellerophon? It is the winged horse Pegasus."

Bellerophon caught the child in his arms and stepped back with him until they were both hidden in the thick bushes which grew near the fountain.

It was really the winged horse. Nearer and nearer came the wonderful being, flying in great circles. The closer the view of him the more beautiful he was. At last he alighted, and stooping his wild head commenced to drink.

At length Pegasus folded his wings and lay down on the soft green turf. He soon rolled over on his back, with his four slender legs in the air.

Finally, when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about. Like any other horse, he put out his fore legs in order to rise from the ground. Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, darted suddenly from the thicket and leaped astride of his back.

Yes, there he sat on the back of the winged horse.

But what a bound did Pegasus make when for the first time he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his back ! A bound indeed ! Before he had time to draw a breath Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft and still shooting upward. Upward he went, up, up, up, until he plunged into the cold, misty bosom of a cloud.

I cannot tell you half that he did. He reared himself erect, with his fore legs on a wreath of mist and his hind legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind, and put down his head, with his wings pointing upward.

He twisted his head about, and with fire flashing from his eyes made a terrible attempt to bite his rider. He fluttered his pinions so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out. Floating earthward, it was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived.

Bellerophon, who was as good a horseman as ever galloped, had been watching his opportunity. At last he clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws.

### III

No sooner was this done than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food all of his life out of his rider's hand. Bellerophon patted his head and spoke a few kind and soothing words. He seemed to be glad at heart, after so many lonely centuries, to have found a companion and a master.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back he had flown a very long distance; and they had come within sight of a lofty mountain. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before, and knew it to be the winged horse's abode. Thither Pegasus now flew, and, alighting, waited patiently until Bellerophon should please to dismount.

The young man leaped from his steed's back, but

still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, however, he was so affected by his gentleness and by his beauty that he could not bear to keep him a prisoner.

Obedying this generous impulse, he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus and took the bit from his mouth.

"Leave me, Pegasus!" said he. "Either leave me or love me."

In an instant the winged horse shot almost out of sight, soaring straight upward from the summit of the mountain. Ascending higher and higher, he looked like a bright speck, and at last could no longer be seen in the hollow waste of the sky.

Bellerophon was afraid that he should never behold him more. But while he was watching, the bright speck reappeared and drew nearer and nearer, and behold, Pegasus had come back! After this trial there was no more fear of the winged horse making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends, and put loving faith in each other.

That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus, not as a caution, but for kindness. And they awoke at peep of day and bade one another good morning, each in his own language.

Bellerophon and the wondrous steed spent several



days together, and grew better acquainted and fonder of each other all the time. They visited distant countries and amazed the inhabitants, who thought that the beautiful young man on the back of the winged horse must have come down out of the sky. Bellerophon was delighted with this kind of life, and would have liked nothing better than to live always in the same way, aloft in the clear atmosphere; for it was always sunny weather up there, however cheerless and rainy it might be on the earth. But he could not forget the horrible beast which he had promised the king to slay. So at last, when he could manage Pegasus with the least motion of his hand, he determined to attempt this perilous adventure.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## PEGASUS IN POUND

ONCE into a quiet village,  
 Without haste and without heed,  
 In the golden prime of morning,  
 Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was autumn, and incessant  
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves;  
 And, like living coals, the apples  
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;  
'Twas the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the schoolboys he was found ;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the somber village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus, the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighboring farmyard,  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,  
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward,  
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
While it soothes them with its sound.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## ULYSSES

AMONG all the brave Greek generals who fought with such skill and patience in the siege of Troy, none was braver than Ulysses, the king of Ithaca. He was one of the first to urge his countrymen on to avenge the wrong to Menelaus, and never for a day did he waver in his purpose to rescue the beautiful Helen, the stolen queen.

Never a battle but Ulysses was in the thickest of the fight; never a victory that Ulysses was not among the foremost of the victors; and never a defeat that Ulysses was not the ready support of the defeated. He was the daring, defiant, never-failing man of courage, ever spurring his companions on to fresh endeavor and to fiercer battle. For such was the hero of these early times when Greece and Troy fought against each other.

The brave Ulysses had been protected during the siege of Troy by more than one of the powerful gods that dwelt on Mount Olympus. But there were other gods who hated the Greek leaders and were determined that Troy should conquer in the great warfare. They fought against Ulysses and pursued him with disaster, even on his homeward voyage.

"Now that the war is finished and Troy is overthrown," said Ulysses, "my heart turns toward

home, my own beautiful Ithaca. There did I leave my faithful Penelope and my son, Telemachus, then only a child, but now a tall youth. He is noble and brave, I know, trained as he has been by so noble a mother."

Then certain ones among the gods counseled together. "He shall endure great suffering," they said; "he shall be wrecked upon the sea; enemies shall rise upon every side, and for long long years shall he be tossed upon the wave."

"But at last, in spite of all your threats," rang out the clear voice of Minerva, "he shall reach his home, and shall find waiting him his devoted wife and his fearless son."

And so Ulysses set forth upon the sea, the sails were set, the oarsmen were at their places. With joyous heart, Ulysses turned the vessels toward his loved Ithaca, happy and hopeful, ignorant of the fate that lay before him.

— MARA L. PRATT.

*From "Myths of Old Greece."*

## THE UNKNOWN GUEST

MANY hundreds of years ago, the good King Alcinous and his fair queen had prepared a feast. The feast was in honor of a mysterious guest who had suddenly appeared at the Phæacian Court. He

had as yet told nothing of his history, except that he had been shipwrecked the day before his appearance at the court. But he had asked and obtained from King Alcinous a promise that one of the far-famed Phæacian ships should carry him safely to his distant home.

While the ship was being made ready, the stranger was invited to partake of the hospitality of the court. The strongest and bravest of the Phæacian nobles were assembled at the feast, but high above them all towered the form of the unknown guest. All eyes were turned on him, until a herald appeared, leading by the hand a blind bard, for whom a silver throne of special honor was prepared.

The song the bard sang that day was of the wars of Troy and Greece, and the matchless deeds of the great hero Ulysses. As the blind minstrel sang, the stranger veiled his eyes. The good king, silently observing the emotion of his guest, gently checked the song. "Fain would we listen longer," he said; "but the golden day wears on apace: let us wend our way to the feast."

When all were seated at the well-filled tables, King Alcinous looked earnestly upon the stranger's face and said, "Methinks the time has come, O unknown guest, that we may venture to ask you to tell us more of your story. Above all, we long to learn

the cause of your deep interest in the song of the Trojan heroes. Did one whom you knew and loved fall before the walls of Troy?"

"O royal host," the guest replied, "since you entreat, I must reveal myself. *I am Ulysses*, the hero of the Trojan war, whose deeds your own bard has so sweetly sung. But why should you sadden the golden hours by listening to the story of my woes? Nevertheless, as it is your wish, I will relate to you, further, what you so much desire to hear; for I have seen many strange sights by land and sea."

Then Alcinous assembled his princes and nobles in his banquet hall, and for many days they listened with charmed ears to the adventures of Ulysses.

"You must know, O king," began Ulysses, "that from the moment I left the walls of Troy, victorious, the gods have been against me. At the very outset of my homeward voyage great Neptune sent a storm upon me, by which I and my little fleet were driven hither and thither quite out of our course. At last we drifted to the strange island of the Lotus-eaters. There we landed, and I sent forward three of my companions to find out what manner of men these Lotus-eaters might be.

"We waited long, but never a man of them returned. At last, when we could no longer endure the suspense, we followed them, full of anxiety to



learn their fate. What was our surprise to find them reclining at ease on the flowery banks under the pleasing shade of a lotus tree.

“The people welcomed us as they had welcomed our three companions.

“‘We have nothing to offer you,’ they said, ‘except the delicious fruit of the lotus tree; but the lotus fruit is both meat and drink to us. We do not need to till the land nor tend the herds. The gods send us this fruit, and here sit we eating and drinking through all the happy days.’

“I was about to taste the delicious-looking lotus fruit, when my eyes fell upon the three men whom we had sent forward to spy out the land. A marvelous change had come over their faces. When I spoke to them they looked at me with wild bright eyes, and answered in a far-off voice, like those who dream.

“‘Oh, let us alone!’ they said, ‘let us alone! Why have you come here to disturb us? Let us remain in peace in the flowery Lotus land!’

“Instantly I forbade my companions, on pain of death, to put that evil fruit to their lips. Then I urged the three men, by the memory of their homes in fair Ithaca, by the love they bore to their wives and children, to rise at once and follow me.

“But the Lotus-eaters laughed a laugh of scorn.

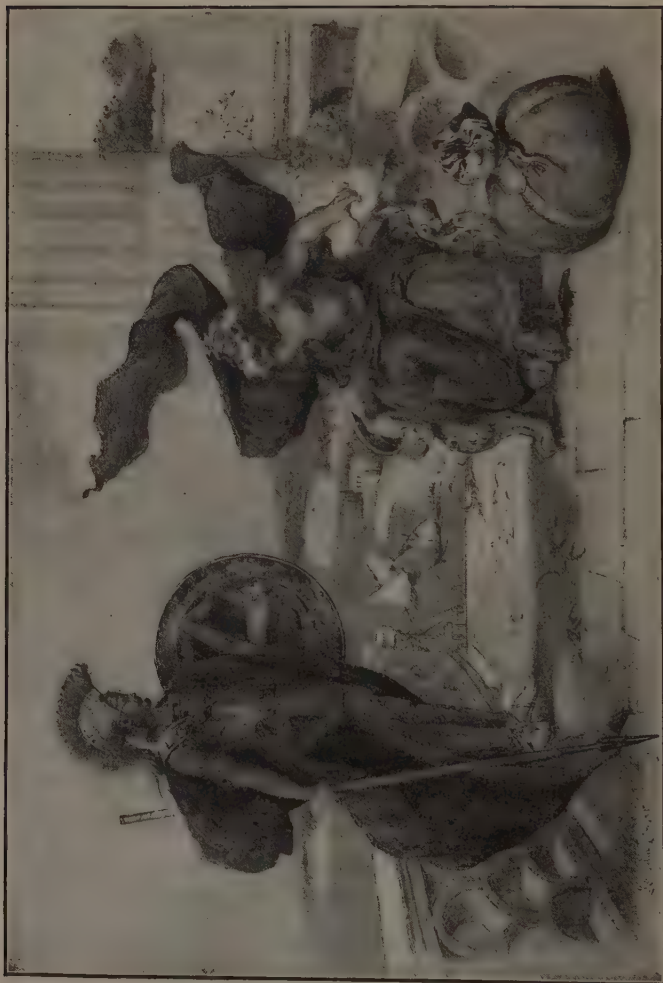
‘Know ye not, O strangers,’ they said, ‘that whoso tastes of our pleasant fruit shall never see wife nor children more? Return to your ships, ye who have not tasted, but let your three companions abide with us.’

“With that, I signaled to my men that they should seize the three dreamers, and drag them by main force back to the ship. My mates hesitated for a moment, casting longing glances at the forbidden fruit, but, overawed by me, laid hold on the dreamers and dragged them back to the royal bark.

“No sooner had the unwilling feet of the dreamers touched their own vessel than the spell was broken, and they awoke with glad hearts to take their places at the oars. We rowed hard all day, and at night we cast anchor in a peaceful harbor. Here we rested and feasted on the spoils of the chase, and no man heeded or hindered us.

“After several days we again set forth and sailed on till we came to a strange-looking island that floated in the midst of the lonely waves. This was the island called *Æolia*. It rose steep and sheer out of the sea, and all around it was a high wall of shining brass. No mortal power could break that wall, for the gods had built it.

“There dwells King *Æolus*, the wind keeper, with his six strong sons and his six fair daughters. All



ULYSSES AND KING AEOLUS.

day long they feast and sing, and the silver music echoes from rock to rock. King Æolus received us gladly, and four happy weeks we rested there and feasted. Many a time I told the story of our wanderings, and of the Trojan war, which they loved to hear and which I loved to tell.

“But when the fourth week was passed, I said, ‘I pray thee, good King Æolus, to set me forward on my journey.’ He granted my petition, and loaded us with gifts. The strangest gift of all, and that which most gladdened my heart, was a leathern bag, made of the skin of an ox. This bag King Æolus, with his own hands, tied fast with a silver cord, and to me only told what it contained.

“‘For I am the wind keeper, O Ulysses!’ he said; ‘and the gods have given me strange powers: I can loose the winds till they rage horribly over the sea, and tear up the strongest trees on the land; or I can bind them fast till they breathe no more. In this leathern bag with the silver cord, I have bound securely the fierce north wind, and the biting east wind, and the soft-sighing south wind. But the west wind I have already sent forward to stir the waves with his strong breath, so that they may speed you the faster homeward.’

“So the wind keeper bade us farewell, and my heart beat for joy as I thought of his magical gift. Nine

bright days and nine starry nights ran their course in peace. And so well had the west wind done his errand, that on the tenth day we saw afar off the low-lying coast of our own fair Ithaca. We drew nearer and nearer, and could even see the blue smoke that rose from our own firesides, and the dim outlines of people that moved on the shore. But the night fell, and we could not enter the port until the early morning.

“So we weighed anchor, and for the first time in all those nine days and nights I slept. I was the helmsman; for I would not intrust the helm to any of my companions during all those weary days and nights. But now, in sight of land, and home, I felt for the first time that I might safely sleep. So I lay, full of rest from head to foot, and slept the dreamless sleep of the weary.

“But an evil spirit came upon my companions. They looked askance at one another; they looked at the gifts of King Æolus; and they looked at the silver-corded bag. Then they whispered low: ‘Full many a gift, and many a spoil, the great hero Ulysses must bear back to Ithaca. But we, what do we bring? We have shared all his perils, and have suffered as much as he, but he alone is rewarded. Who knows what gold and silver are fastened in that mysterious bag?’ Upon this one of the boldest rose

up and loosened the silver cord. Out rushed the north wind! Out rushed the east wind! Out rushed the south wind! The tempest raged and the ocean roared.

“The awful sounds waked me suddenly from my sleep. And when I looked forth, lo! the whole of our ships were scattered and driven far out into mid-seas. There was no land in sight, far or near, and we knew not where we were. Then I saw what evil deed had been done while I slept. I spoke no word either of sorrow or blame, for my grief was great; and I could have found it in my heart to throw myself into the sea, and so make an end of all. But better thoughts came to me. I wrapped my cloak about me, and laid me down silently in the darkness and waited for the dawn.

“All night we drifted under the pitiless stars; but when we woke in the morning, lo! the brass-walled island of *Æolia* lay again before us. Then we thanked the gods, and were of a better heart, when we saw that we had not come, as we feared, among barbarian strangers, but again to the friendly isle of the wind keeper.

“I sent two heralds before me, and set forth for the palace of *Æolus*. We found him feasting as before, with his six strong sons and his six fair daughters beside him. And we stood at the thresh-



old until they should bid us enter. The six princes looked at us with friendly wonder; but a black frown was upon the brow of Æolus. I told our story, and how, through the envy of some of my men, the silver cord had been loosed and the angry winds set free.

“The six princes looked sorrowfully at me, but the wind keeper rose in wrath. ‘Hence!’ he cried. ‘Never wouldst thou have been driven back here, did not some black sin stain thy soul. Depart, and escape for thy life, lest some worse fate overtake thee!’ Then he drove us from his gate.

“We returned with sad steps to our companions, and I told them how the wind keeper had driven us away. Immediately I commanded to loose our vessels and we set forth for new lands. But the hearts of the rowers were heavy, and we went with lagging oars.”

These and many other adventures did Ulysses relate, while the king’s household listened in charmed silence. But when at last the hero ceased to speak, the king no longer sought to detain him. He knew that the heart of his illustrious guest was in his far-distant home of Ithaca.

With the earliest dawn the king commanded the young Phæacians to hasten to the port, where the vessel lay at anchor. Each noble bore what was



costliest and rarest among his treasures, as a farewell gift to Ulysses.

Ulysses thanked the good king and the fair queen with many grateful words. He bade them farewell, and passed over the hospitable threshold. When he arrived at the ship, Ulysses found many preparations made for the comfort of his voyage. The young Phæacian sailors spread soft rugs in the stern of the vessel, and invited Ulysses to rest. He lay down gladly, and soon fell into a happy sleep.

The brave ship rode merrily over the waves, and its course was swifter than the course of the falcon when it chases the dove. But Ulysses slept on and on. A bright star arose in the quiet skies and heralded the morning, and in the dim gray light the rowers saw the nearing coast of Ithaca. They rowed with redoubled strength, and with the last stroke they ran the ship ashore. The keel grated loudly on the yellow sands, but still Ulysses slept.

Reverently the young Phæacian sailors raised the motionless form of the sleeper and placed him, just as he lay on his couch, under the shelter of a wild olive tree on the fair shore of Ithaca. And there, also, they stored the rich treasure with which the king and his nobles had loaded their guest, and then they embarked joyfully for their Phæacian home.

## NORSELAND MYTHS

IN early days the people of the Northland, as well as those of sunny Greece, had many wonderful notions about themselves and their surroundings. To every thing they saw and heard they attached some strange meaning and some curious fancy. They asked many and deep questions about the gods and their ways and power; about the giants and their homes; and about the making of the world and the creation of man.

Old stories of the gods and the giants were repeated around the Norse firesides, and for many generations handed down from father to son. They told of the birth of the worlds and of the coming of the gods to rule over them.

Far in the north arose the land of eternal winter, wrapped in fogs and mists, and far in the south there came into being the land of quenchless fire, glowing with unspeakable heat and overhung with dark clouds and flaming sparks. Between the land of ice and the land of fire yawned a bottomless abyss, black and fathomless. Then giants and gods were called into form. Ymer was the father of many children who were frost giants. Of the twelve gods that ruled over the world, and kept it in order, the greatest were Odin, Thor, and Balder.

These gods wrought with divine beauty and power, spreading out the great plains, cutting the deep valleys through the hills, filling the wide seas, and sending the waters far up into the deep fjords. Over all they stretched the bending heaven; and they caught great sparks that floated from the fire-world and set them in the sky until the splendor of the stars shone over the whole earth. Around the world lay the deep sea, an endless circle of waters, and beyond it were the dreary shores of the home of the frost giants.

To the giantess Night, and to her beautiful son Day, the gods gave chariots and swift horses, that they might ride through the sky once in twenty-four hours. Night rode first behind the fleet steed Hrimfaxe, and as she ended her course at dawn, the horse bedewed the waking earth with drops from his bit. Day flew swiftly after his dusky mother, and the shining mane of his horse, Skinfaxe, filled the heavens with light.

In the very center of the earth rose a lofty mountain, and on the top of it was the beautiful plain of Ida, overlooking the lands and seas. Here the gods came when their work was done, and looked upon all that they had made. The earth, green and beautiful, blossomed at their feet, and the heavens bent over them radiant with sun by day and filled with the soft splendor of moon and stars by night.

They chose the plain of Ida for their home, and there they built the shining city of Asgard. In the midst of it stood a hall of pure gold, and they called it Gladsheim. They made ready a great smithy and filled it with all manner of anvils, hammers, and tongs, with which to forge the weapons that were to slay the giants and keep the world in order. From earth to heaven they stretched Bifrost, the rainbow bridge, over which they passed and repassed in their journeyings. Then the work was done, and Asgard shone like a beautiful cloud overhanging the world.

The wonderful ash tree, Ygdrasil, made a far-spreading shade against the fierce heat of the sun in the summer, and a stronghold against the piercing winds of winter. No man can remember when it had been young. Little children played under its branches, grew to be strong men and women, lived to be old and weary and feeble, and died; and yet the ash tree gave no signs of decay. Forever preserving its freshness and beauty, it was to live as long as there were men to look upon it, animals to feed under it, birds to flutter among the branches.

This mighty ash tree touched and bound all the worlds together in its wonderful circle of life. One root it sent deep down into the underworld, where the dead lived; another it fastened firmly in Jotunhein, the dreary home of the giants; and with the third it

grasped Midgard, the dwelling place of men. Serpents and all kind of worms gnawed continually at its roots, but were never able to destroy them. Its branches spread out over the whole earth.

At the foot of the tree sat the three Norns, wonderful spinners of fate, who weave the thread of every man's life, making it what they will; and every day these Norns sprinkled the tree with the water of life from the Urdar fountain, and so kept it forever green.

In the topmost branches sat an eagle singing a strange song about the birth of the world, its decay, and death. Under its branches browsed all manner of animals; among its leaves every kind of bird made its nest; by day the rainbow hung over it; at night the pale northern light flashed over it, and as the winds swept through its rustling branches, the multitudinous murmur of the leaves told strange stories of the past and of the future.

When the world was young, and there were many things which even the gods had to learn, Odin was so anxious to become wise that he went to a deep well whose waters touched the roots of Ygdrasil itself. The keeper of the well was a very old and very wise giant, named Mimer, or Memory, and gave no draughts out of the well until he was richly paid; for the well contained the water of wisdom, and who-

ever drank of it became straightway wonderfully wise.

"Give me a draught of this clear water, O Mimer," said Odin, when he had reached the well, and was looking down into its fathomless depths.

"This water is only to be had at a great price," answered Mimer, in a wonderfully sweet, majestic tone. "I cannot give to all who ask, but only to those who are able and willing to give greatly in return."

If Odin had been less of a god, he would have thought longer and bargained sharper, but he was so godlike that he cared more to be wise and great than for anything else.

"I will give you whatever you ask," he answered.

Mimer thought a moment. "You must leave an eye," he said at last.

Then he drew up a great draught of the sparkling water, and Odin quenched his divine thirst and went away rejoicing, although he had left an eye behind. Even the gods could not be wise without struggle and toil and sacrifice.

So Odin became the wisest being in all the worlds, and there was no god or giant that could contend with him.

—HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

*From "Norse Stories Retold."*



## HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

ON the sunny side of a mountain, near the river Tiber, there once stood a little city called Alba. In this city and around the mountains lived a brave, intelligent people known as Latins.

The Latins were ruled by kings, and one of their kings in very early times, the stories tell us, was named Æneas. He was a famous Trojan chief who had come over the seas to Italy and settled there with his family and friends after Troy was destroyed by the Greeks.

A great many years after the death of Æneas one of his descendants named Procas was king of Alba. He ruled wisely and well for a long time, and his small kingdom on the mountain side, with its wheat fields and vineyards, was very prosperous. He had two sons, one named Numitor, and the other Amulius. As Numitor was the elder he was heir to his father's throne, but when King Procas died, Amulius seized the kingdom by force and made himself king.

Then Numitor, with his two children, a boy and a girl, left the king's palace at Alba and went to live on a farm a short distance away. Amulius was now king, but he was much troubled about Numitor's son and daughter, for fear they might some day



claim the throne which rightfully belonged to them. The son he secretly put to death, and the daughter, Sylvia, he cast into prison. Here beautiful twin boys were born to her. When Amulius heard of this, he gave orders that Sylvia should be put to death, and that the two infants should be thrown into the Tiber. These wicked orders were carried out, for no one dared to disobey the king.

Fortunately, however, the babes had been placed in a stout basket, which floated upon the waters until it was carried to the foot of a hill called Palatine Hill. Here the huge roots of a wild fig tree caught the basket, and the little ones were thrown out upon the river bank.

At this moment a great she-wolf came strolling down the hill to drink at the river's edge. She heard the feeble cries of the infants and went to the place where they lay helpless on the wet sands. She touched them gently with her rough paws, turned them over, and licked their faces and plump bodies. Perhaps she thought they were some of her own cubs. At any rate, she carried the babes up the hill to a cave under a large rock. There she fed them as she fed her own cubs and seemed pleased to have them near her.

One morning as Faustulus, the herdsman of King Amulius, was going over Palatine Hill looking for



cattle that had gone astray, he saw the two boys playing with the wolf at the mouth of her cave. He frightened the wolf away and took the boys to his home, where his wife cared for them as though they were her own children. The herdsman named the boys Romulus and Remus, and they grew up to be strong, handsome youths, brave and kind. Until they were twenty years old they lived with the herdsman and helped him in his work, and roamed over the hills lighthearted and free.

During all these years Numitor lived on his farm, and his brother Amulius remained king of Alba. Numitor did not know that his two grandsons had been saved from a watery grave and were living so

near to him. But one day Remus had a quarrel with some of the herdsmen of Numitor, and they took him prisoner. They then brought him before Numitor, who was much impressed with the noble appearance of the youth and asked him who he was.

Remus told all he knew about himself and Romulus; how they had been found at the cave of the she-wolf and had been reared by the king's herdsman. Just then Faustulus and Romulus came searching for Remus, and were full of joy when they found that no harm had come to him. Numitor questioned the herdsman about the finding of the twins, and after hearing his story was convinced that Romulus and Remus were Sylvia's boys, who had been strangely saved from the wrath of their cruel uncle. He was very happy at finding his grandsons, and he thanked the herdsman for his good care of them.

Romulus and Remus were also very happy at finding a grandfather and at the sudden change of their fortune. When they were told about Amulius and his wicked deeds, they resolved to punish him for the murder of their mother. So with a few followers they rushed to the palace at Alba and entered the king's chamber. "Behold! we are Sylvia's sons, whom you thought you had killed," they shouted to Amulius, as he started up in alarm

at their entrance. "You killed our mother and you shall die for it."

Before he could utter a word they sprang upon him with drawn swords and put him to death. Then they brought their grandfather to the palace and placed him on the throne, and all the people welcomed Numitor as the rightful king of Alba.

After a little time the two brothers thought they would build a city on Palatine Hill, where the wolf had nursed them. So they went to the hill and selected a site. Then they began to talk of a name for their city.

"I will be king and give the new city my name," said Romulus.

"No," cried Remus. "I will be the king and name the city after myself. I have just as much right as you have."

So the brothers argued for a while, but at last they agreed to settle the matter in this way. At midnight Romulus was to stand on Palatine Hill, and Remus was to stand on another hill a short distance off. Then they were to ask the gods to show them a sign of favor in the sky, and the first who should see anything very remarkable was to name the new city and be its king.

So they went to watch, but nothing appeared until sunrise of the second day, when Remus saw

six great vultures flying across the sky from north to south. He ran swiftly to Palatine Hill and told Romulus of what he had seen. But just then twelve vultures, one after another, flew high over the head of Romulus in an almost unbroken line and were soon lost to view.

Then Romulus claimed that he had the favor of the gods, as more birds had appeared to him, but Remus claimed that the gods favored him, as the birds had appeared to him first. Romulus asked the opinion of some of his friends, and as they all agreed that he was right in his claim he began to lay out the new city. He gave it the name of Roma, or Rome, after himself, and built a low wall round about the place to protect it from invaders.

One day Remus, who was still angry with Romulus, laughed scornfully at the little wall and said to his brother: "Shall such a defense as this keep your city? It may prevent children from getting in, but not men, for they can jump over it."

So saying, Remus put his hands on the wall and sprang over it, to show that his words were true. Romulus, in a sudden outburst of rage, struck his brother and instantly killed him, at the same time crying out, "So perish any one who shall hereafter attempt to leap over my wall."

Then Romulus continued his work. While he

was building his wall, he also built some houses. The first houses were nothing more than wood huts covered with mud and straw. But in course of time the Romans had houses of stone, and they built fine temples and theaters and streets and squares. Romulus welcomed to his new city all who might wish to come and settle there. It was not long, therefore, until Rome was full of people from many different tribes and countries. Thus the Roman nation began, and for years it steadily grew and prospered until at last Rome became the greatest and grandest city in the whole world.

*From "Famous Men of Rome."*

## THE LITTLE POSTBOY

IN my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my experiences in which children have taken part, so this shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. I made my



journey in this season, however, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold, indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a province in the northern part of Sweden. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the



neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or boy goes with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure; but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the

sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the post horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent

coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband who has gone on with the two lumbermen will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by

the hand, and asked him, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled, and his mother made haste to say: —

"You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you will be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

The boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Drawing on his mittens of hare's fur, he took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the tall fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so cheerfully that my own spirits began to rise.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, as I did about every five minutes, "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no snow plows out to-night, we shall have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that

the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still.

Lars and I stood up and looked around. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees.

I shouted to him, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he came back to the sled.

"If I knew where the road was," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know, and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made

me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept, I should soon be frozen.

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. “I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, upon the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we’ll do it to-night.”

“What is it?”

“Let me take care of Axel first,” said Lars. “We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin.”

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat as if satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side toward the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said:—

“Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it.”

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay

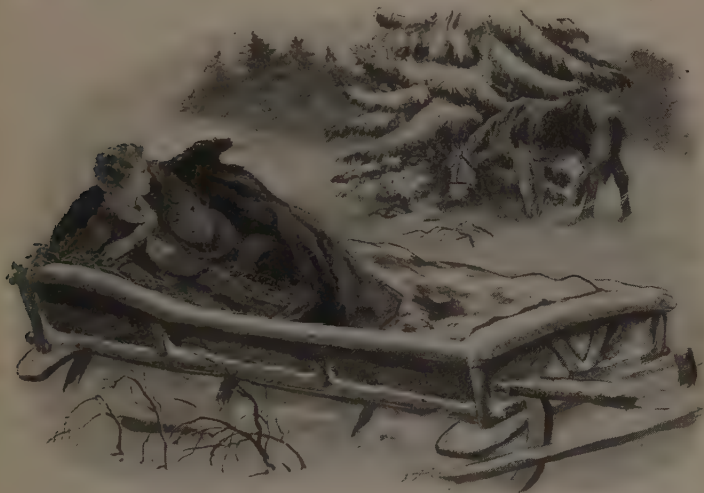


stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and loosen our clothes. When this was done and we lay close together, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. I remember that his warm soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no farther than my knees.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."



I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out at once; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and he immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plow the

road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea. There we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both and went on towards Lapland.

Lars was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that although I had been nearly all over the world and he had never been away from home, I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

*From "Boys of Other Countries." Copyright,  
1904, by Marie Taylor. Published by G. P.  
Putnam's Sons.*

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

—LONGFELLOW.

## A LITTLE HEROINE

BLENTARN GHYLL is the name of a little narrow gorge in the Westmoreland mountains. At the foot of these mountains lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called, in the north, becks.

One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare, stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains.

At the upper end of this lonely ravine there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet. But the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn or Blind Pool.

The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman. She kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school

at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impassable for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions among the people of these hills. Every one attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality. Much business of all sorts is transacted at them, and there are many meetings of old friends.

To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off in the early forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years named Agnes. They had no servant, and there was no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day. But towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up. The children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the

hills. The clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker. The snow began to close up the door, and came in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows.

Agnes tried to cheer up the other children, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat with the others till the clock struck twelve. Then she heard them, one by one, say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

The morning came, and no father and mother, — only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope. She thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some sheep-fold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting, as she saw the lessening stores, that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there.



She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded. The crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She could not help being terrified at her lonely and desolate condition, but she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her.

She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent. Next, she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance. To reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth.

It was snowing so fast that she feared the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of her two little brothers, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it indoors. She examined the potatoes, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal.



Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor animal was half starved and had little milk to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay. This was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's courage to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed.

Supper time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the other three, nestled on the hearth. Hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then as it died away, were conscious of the deep silence. So fierce was the snowdrift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney.

Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came. Again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children

had all been well with them. Agnes got through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, sweeping away the drifts, so that a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere. It would be needful to push down some of the loose stones of the walls that divided the fields, and the little boys went with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill. But the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met to seek for them.

The last that was known of them was, that after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew.

Day after day the search continued, but in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and they guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost were found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, of course dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by a fall.

The neighbors thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had taken a few steps forward to make out the road when he fell from the rock. His wife, no doubt, had been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, until at last she was benumbed by the sleep of cold.

The brave little girl keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had much of the spirit of her soldier father. Simple as her conduct was, we think it truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds.

—CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

*From "A Book of Golden Deeds."*

## SOLOMON AND THE BEES

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,  
So in the Talmud you may read the story,  
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,  
To see the splendors of his court, and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;  
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,  
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard — which piqued her  
most —

How through the deepest riddles he could spy;  
How all the curious arts that women boast  
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;  
And so the Queen had come — a royal guest —  
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;

The other, no less fair in every part,  
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

“Which is the true, and which the false?” she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,



As one who sees a miracle, and fain,  
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

“Which is the true?” once more the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;

“So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
 Most learnèd Liege, with such a trivial thing !”  
 But still the sage was silent ; it was plain  
 A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,  
 Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —  
 A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
 Hunting for honey in a withered rose.  
 The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head ;  
 “Open the window !” — that was all he said.

The window opened at the King’s command ;  
 Within the rooms the eager insects flew,  
 And sought the flowers in Sheba’s dexter hand !  
 And so the king and all the courtiers knew  
*That* wreath was Nature’s ; — and the baffled queen  
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches — every tale should bear  
 A fitting moral — that the wise may find  
 In trifles light as atoms in the air  
 Some useful lesson to enrich the mind, —  
 Some truth designed to profit or to please,  
 As Israel’s king learned wisdom from the bees !

— JOHN G. SAXE.

## A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

As a rule, practical jokes are not to be commended, but the example which I shall offer is a happy exception.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to attend closely to him, and improve his mind. This tutor, it seems, took for his example a certain predecessor of his, who used to coach young Cyrus indoors and out. Both these tutors, each in his own country and his own generation, had the brains to see that to educate a young fellow you must not merely set him tasks to learn indoors, and then let him run wild in the open air, but must accompany him wherever he goes, and guide him with your greater experience in his practical judgment of the various events that pass before his eyes. For how shall he learn to apply an experience which he does not really possess?

One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up some pebbles, and said, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hum," says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without his hav-



ing stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead, the old fellow would be far more confused, and his grimaces would be more entertaining, and you would be more satisfied with yourself."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then the two confederates hid behind a hedge and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work — work a little beyond his years — and slipped his right foot into his right shoe. Finding something hard in it, he took it off again and discovered a dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled.

He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, and mechanically slipped his foot into the other shoe. There he found another coin. He took it up, and holding out both his hands, gazed with wonder at them. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell on his knees, and cried out in a loud voice, "O God, this is your doing. Nobody but you knows the state we are in at home, my wife in her bed, my children starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is you who have sent me these blessed coins by one of your angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him : —

“Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are human angels, even in this world ; kind hearts that love to feed the hungry, and succor the poor. One of these has passed by, like sunshine in winter, and has seen the poor old man’s shoes, and has dropped all this money into them, and gone on again, and not even waited to be thanked. But a poor man’s blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his own time. May God and his angels go with you, keep you from poverty and from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart a little of the warmth and the joy you have brought to me and mine. I’ll do no more work to-day. I’ll go home to my wife and children, and they shall kneel and bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it.”

He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and went home. Then the spies had a little dialogue.

“This I call really good fun,” said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice ; “but what are you sniveling about ? ”

“ ’Tisn’t I that am sniveling ; it is you.”

“Well, then, we are both sniveling,” said the tutor ; and with that, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotion any longer.

“Come on,” said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow me, to be sure. I want to know where he lives. Do you think I will let his wife be sick and his children starve after this?"

"Dear boy," said the tutor, "I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age, nor the heart, that does things by halves."

So they followed their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence from that hour to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

— CHARLES READE.

*From "Good Stories."*

## MY INDIAN BOYHOOD

WHAT boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world? This life was mine. Every day there was a real hunt. There was a real game. Occasionally there was a medicine dance away off in the woods where no one could disturb us, in which the boys impersonated their elders. They painted and imitated their fathers and grandfathers to the minutest detail.

We were not only good mimics, but we were close students of nature. We studied the habits of animals just as you study your books. We watched the men of our people and represented them in our play.

No people have a better use of their five senses than the children of the wilderness. We could smell as well as hear and see. We could feel and taste as well as we could see and hear. Nowhere has the memory been more fully developed than in the wild life, and I can still see wherein I owe much to my early training.

Of course I myself do not remember when I first saw the day, but my brothers have often recalled the event with much mirth. For it was a custom of the Sioux Indians that when a boy was born, his brothers must plunge into the water, or roll in the snow naked if it was winter time. The idea was that a warrior had come to camp, and the other children must display some act of hardihood. I was the youngest of five children, and I was regarded as little more than a plaything by the rest of the children.

My beautiful mother lay on her deathbed. She held me tightly to her bosom while she whispered to my grandmother: "I give you this boy for your own." The woman to whom these words were spoken was remarkably active for her age, and was possessed of as much goodness as intelligence.

The babe was done up as usual in a movable cradle. In this upright cradle I lived, played, and slept the greater part of the time during the first

few months of my life. Whether I was made to lean against a lodge pole or was suspended from a bough of a tree, or whether I was carried on my grandmother's back, I was still in my oaken bed.

This grandmother, who had already lived through sixty years of hardships, was a wonder to the young maidens of the tribe. She showed no less enthusiasm over Hakadah, as I was called, than she had done when she held her own firstborn in her arms. Every little attention that is due to a loved child she performed with much skill and devotion. She made all my scanty garments and my tiny moccasins with a great deal of taste. It was said by all that I could not have had more attention had my mother been living.

Uncheedah — grandmother — was a great singer. Sometimes, when Hakadah wakened too early in the morning, she would sing to him something like the following lullaby:—

“Sleep, sleep, my boy, — till morning break,  
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 'tis night;  
Then bravely wake — then bravely wake!”

The Dakota women were wont to cut and bring their fuel from the woods. Very often my grandmother carried me with her on these excursions. While she worked it was her habit to suspend me from a wild grape vine or a springy bough, so that

the least breeze would swing the cradle to and fro. Once I fell asleep in my cradle, while Uncheedah was some distance away, gathering birch bark for a canoe. A squirrel had found it convenient to come upon the bow of my cradle and nibble his hickory nut. He awoke me by dropping the crumbs of his meal, and my disapproval was so decided that the bold intruder had to take a sudden and quick flight to another bough. It was a common thing for birds to alight on my cradle in the woods.

My food was, at first, a troublesome question for my kind grandmother. She cooked some wild rice and strained it, and mixed it with broth made from venison. This soup was my mainstay; but soon my teeth came, and then my good nurse gave me a little more varied food.

After I left my cradle my grandmother began calling my attention to natural objects. Whenever I heard the song of a bird, she would tell me what bird it came from, something after this fashion:—

“Hakadah, listen to the robin calling to his mate. He says he has found something good to eat.” Or, “Listen to the thrush; he is singing to his little wife. He will sing his best.”

Again, when I waked at midnight, she would say: “Do not cry! The owl is watching you from the tree top.” I usually covered up my head, for my

grandmother had given me a dreadful idea of this bird. It was one of her legends that a little boy was once standing just outside of the tent crying vigorously, when an owl swooped down and carried the poor little fellow up into the trees.

Indian children were trained so that they hardly ever cried in the night. In my infancy it was my grandmother's custom to put me to sleep, as she said, with the birds, and to awaken me with them. An Indian must always rise early. As a hunter he finds his game best at daybreak. And even when our people are moving about leisurely, we like to rise before dawn, in order to travel when the air is cool, and be unobserved, perchance, by our enemies.

As a little child, I was trained to be silent and reticent. This was one of the most important traits to form in the character of the Indian, and was thought to lay the foundations of patience and self-control.

After all, my babyhood was full of interest. The spirit of daring was already whispered into my ears. The value of the eagle feather as worn by the warrior had caught my eye. One day, when I was left alone, at scarcely two years of age, I took my uncle's war bonnet and plucked out all its eagle feathers to decorate my dog and myself.

One of the earliest recollections of my childhood is the ride I had on a pony's side. A little girl, a



cousin of mine, was put into a bag and suspended from the horn of an Indian saddle. But her weight must be balanced or the saddle would not remain on the animal's back; so I was put into another sack and made to keep the saddle and the girl in position. I did not object until we came to a big snowdrift, where the poor beast was stuck fast and began to lie down. This was the convenient and simple way the children were often packed for winter journeys. However cold the weather might be, the inmate of the fur-lined sack was very comfortable.

I was accustomed to all the Indian conveyances, and as a boy I enjoyed the dog-travaux ride as much as any. The travaux consisted of a set of rawhide strips securely lashed to the tent poles, which were harnessed to the sides of the animal as if he stood between shafts, while the free ends of the poles were allowed to drag on the ground.

Both ponies and large dogs were used as beasts of burden, and they carried in this way the smaller children as well as the baggage. This mode of traveling for children was possible only in summer, and, as the dogs were sometimes unreliable, the little ones were often exposed to danger. For instance, whenever a train of dogs had been traveling for a long time, almost perishing with the heat and their heavy loads, a glimpse of water would cause

them to forget all their responsibilities. Some of the dogs, in spite of the screams of the women, would swim with their burdens into the cooling stream, and I was, on more than one occasion, made to partake of an unwilling bath.



I was a little over four years old at the time we took flight into British Columbia. A yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon were brought home for our conveyance. How delighted I was when I learned that we were to ride behind those wise-looking animals and in that gorgeously painted wagon! It seemed almost like a living creature to me, this new vehicle with four legs, and the more so when

we got out of axle grease and the wheels went along squealing like pigs!

The older boys found a great deal of fun in jumping from the high wagon while the oxen were leisurely moving along. At last, I mustered up courage enough to join them in this sport. I was sure they stepped on the wheel, so I cautiously placed my moccasined foot upon it. Alas! before I could realize what had happened, I was under the wheels; and had it not been for the neighbor immediately behind us I might have been run over by the next team. I cried out reproaches on the white man's team, and it did not occur to me that I alone was to blame. I could not be persuaded to ride in that wagon again and was glad when we finally left it beside the Missouri River.

The Missouri River is one of the most treacherous rivers in the world. Even a good modern boat is not safe upon its uncertain current. We were forced to cross in buffalo-skin boats—as round as tubs! Some of these boats were towed by two or three women or men, swimming in the water. It was not an easy matter to keep these boats right side up, with their helpless freight of little children. Once my grandmother swam across a swift stream carrying me on her back because she did not wish to expose me to accident in one of the clumsy boats.

In our flight, we little folks were strapped in the saddles or held in front of an older person, and in the long night marches we suffered from loss of sleep and from lack of food. Our meals were eaten hastily, and sometimes in the saddle.

Such was the wild life of the Indians! When game was to be had and the sun shone, they easily forgot their bitter trials of the winter before. Little preparation was made for the future. They are children of Nature, and occasionally she whips them with the lashes of experience. Yet they are careless and forgetful.

During the summer, when Nature is at her best, it seems to me that no life is happier than theirs! Food is free—lodging is free—everything free! All are alike rich in summer, and, again, all are alike poor in the winter and early spring.

—CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIIYESA).

*From "Indian Boyhood." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.*

## THE FIRST PRINTERS

IN the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that even up to this time is growing just without the city walls.

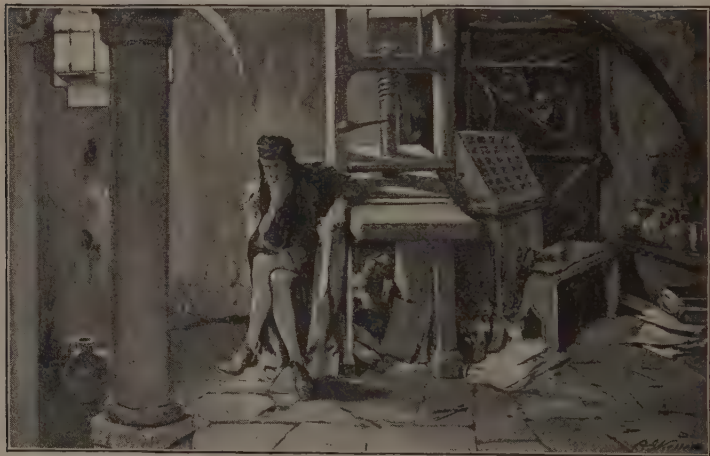
One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which — as he was a handy man with his knife — he cut several letters so plainly and neatly, that, after his return home, he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a “copy.”

After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman, whose name was Lawrence Coster, fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blacking them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters, — which was really printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the city of Strasburg, on the bank of the Rhine.

But Gutenberg got on so poorly, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mentz, which is a German city lower down on the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. One of the men who assisted him was a scribe, or designer, named Peter Schöffer. His work was to finish up the book by drawing lines around the pages, making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing.



This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw, and what he thought, with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, ran types in a mold; and these were probably the first *cast* types ever made. These promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with



Schöffer, to whom he gave his only daughter Christine for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan shortly after, which Gutenberg could not pay ; and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two thirds completed. This Faust and Schöffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies of this Bible in the National Library at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date, in two great volumes, each of about six hundred pages. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it ; for it is in Latin, and in black Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated, and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye.

It is certainly the first Bible printed from movable types, but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. He did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward made books as good as those of his rivals. Before he died, his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.

But who printed the first English book ? And did



that follow quickly afterward? Not many years—perhaps twenty. And the man who did this was named William Caxton—a name which has been held in very great honor ever since.

He was in early life apprentice to a seller of dry goods in London, and his master left him a fair fortune. His zeal and industry made him a marked man, so that he was sent by the government over to Flanders, to the city of Bruges.

A great war which raged along the Rhine at that day broke up the printing office of Faust and Schöffer. Caxton secured some of the workmen, and, taking them over into England, set up a printing office at Westminster, about 1474, in some outbuilding of the famous Westminster Abbey, and there printed his *Histories of Troye*, and many another book.

After his death, the men who had worked with him carried on the labor in the same spirit of honesty and zeal, and looked forward to the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon.

And this was a great thing to look forward to in that day. Books had borne and were bearing a value which would astonish you now. An old Italian called Poggio had, in those centuries, and not long before, exchanged his manuscript copy of Livy for a country villa near Florence.

Chaining books to desks was not uncommon, but it was not in every church they were chained. They were thus made secure in great religious houses, called monasteries and abbeys; or they were carefully guarded in the cabinets of kings. What would the good old printers of those times have thought of Bibles printed and sold for only a few pennies each!

*From "About Old Story Tellers."  
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

—DONALD G. MITCHELL.

## APRIL

A GUSH of song, a patter of dew,  
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,  
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—  
An April day in the morning.

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

APRIL cold with dropping rain  
Willows and lilacs bring again,  
The whistle of returning birds  
And trumpet blowing of the herds;  
The scarlet maple keys betray  
What potent blood hath modest May;  
What fiery force the earth renews,  
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;  
What joy in rosy waves outpoured,  
Flows from the heart of love, the Lord.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## IN MAY

WHEN grosbeaks show a damask rose  
Amid the cherry blossoms white,  
And early robins' nests disclose  
To loving eyes a joyous sight ;

When columbines like living coals  
Are gleaming 'gainst the lichened rocks,  
And at the foot of mossy boles  
Are young anemones in flocks ;

When ginger root beneath twin leaves  
Conceals its dusky floral bell,  
And showy orchid shyly weaves  
In humid nook its fragrant spell ;

When dandelion's coin of gold  
Anew is minted on the lawn,  
And maple trees their fringe unfold,  
While warblers storm the groves at dawn ; —

When these and more greet eye and ear,  
Then strike thy tasks and come away :  
It is the joy-month of the year,  
And onward sweeps the tide of May.

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

## GOOD COUNSEL

MY son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother :

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.

Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins.

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

The lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack.

Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish.

A man shall be commended according to his wisdom:

The way of the fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.

The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!

There is gold, and a multitude of rubies: but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel.

Apply thine heart unto instruction, and thine ears to the words of knowledge.

Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.

—SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS.

## DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead we take



DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.



increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,  
 Where the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,  
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—  
     Under the sod, and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment day:—  
     Under the one, the Blue;  
     Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,  
 Those, in the gloom of defeat,  
 All, with the battle-blood gory,  
 In the dusk of Eternity meet:—  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment day:—  
     Under the laurel, the Blue;  
     Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
 The desolate mourners go,  
 Lovingly laden with flowers,  
 Alike for the friend, and the foe : —  
 Under the sod, and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment day : —  
 Under the roses, the Blue ;  
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,  
 The morning sun-rays fall,  
 With a touch, impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all : —  
 Under the sod, and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment day : —  
 Broïdered with gold, the Blue ;  
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
 On forest and field of grain,  
 With an equal murmur falleth  
 The cooling drip of the rain : —  
 Under the sod, and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment day : —  
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;  
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
 The generous deed was done ;  
 In the storms of the years that are fading  
 No braver battle was won : —  
     Under the sod, and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment day : —  
     Under the blossoms, the Blue ;  
     Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red : —  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they laurel the graves of our dead ! —  
     Under the sod, and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment day : —  
     Love and tears for the Blue ;  
     Tears and love for the Gray. — F. M. FINCH.

### FREEDOM

OUR fathers fought for liberty,  
 They struggled long and well,  
 History of their deeds can tell —  
 But did they leave us free ?  
 Are we free from vanity ?  
     Free from pride, and free from self,  
     Free from love of power and pelf,  
 From everything that's beggarly ?

Are we free from stubborn will,  
 From low hate and malice small,  
 From opinion's tyrant thrall ?  
 Are none of us our own slaves still ?

Are we free to speak our thought,  
 To be happy, and be poor,  
 Free to enter Heaven's door,  
 To live and labor as we ought ?

Are we then made free at last  
 From the fear of what men say,  
 Free to reverence to-day,  
 Free from slavery of the past ?

Our fathers fought for liberty,  
 They struggled long and well,  
 History of their deeds can tell —  
 But ourselves must set us free.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### GOOD NIGHT

Good night ! Good night !  
 Far flies the light ;  
 But still God's love  
 Shall flame above,  
 Making all bright.  
 Good night ! Good night !

— VICTOR HUGO.

## APPENDIX

### PRONOUNCING KEY AND WORD LIST

THE following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's International Dictionary. The silent letters are printed in italics. As a rule, only accented and doubtful syllables are diacritically marked.

The list includes the proper names, together with such other words as are most likely to be misspelled or mispronounced.

ā mâte	ī pīne	ū rūde	ow cow
ǣ măt	ĩ pĩn	û fûr	c can
ä jār	ĩ sīr	ü full	ç cent
ṛ call		ȳ mȳ	g get
â âir	ō nōte	ÿ citÿ	ġ ġem
å åsk	ö nőt	ōō mōon	s so
	o do	ōō fōot	ş aş
ē wē		oi oil	ch chair
ě wět	ū ūse	oy toy	th thin
ẽ hěr	ũ ũs	ou out	th them
ṛ = ǒ what	ó = ũ sôn		-tion = -shŭn
ǣ = ẽ cellār	ō = ẽ com'fört		-sion = -shŭn
ê = â thêre	ô = ṛ ôr		-şion = -zhŭn
ē = ā theÿ	o = ōō wölf		-tient = -shent
o = ōō move	n = ng inġ		-tious = -shŭs

À'bou Ben Ād'hem	Bā'al	com plāint'
Ā'brā ham	Bā'l'der	con çēive'
à cād'e my	Bel lēr'o phon	Con nēct'i cut
ac cū mu lā'tion	bēn'e fit	Cōn que'dle
ac quāint'ançe	Bī'frost	con spīc'ous
ad mī rā'tion	Bob o līn'cołn	con sti tū'tion
Æ nē'as	bois'ter ous ly	con tīn'ūed
Æ ō'li à	brā'vo	con ti nēnt'al
Æ' o lus	Bruges ( <i>brōōzh</i> )	Cōs'ter
Āg'nēs	Bu çēph'a lus	coun'ter pāne
A lād'din		Cow'pens
A lās'kā	Cām'bridge	craw'fish
Āl'ba	cār'ol	crōc'o dīle
Al çīn'o us	Car o lī'na	Cru'soe
A lēc'try on	ca thē'dral	Cū'bā
Al gōn'quin	cāv'al ry	cūr'vet ing
à māze'ment	Cāx'ton	Çy'rus
am bī'tion	çe lēs'tial	
A mū'li us	chīck'a dee	Daas ( <i>dōs</i> )
a nēm'o nē	chīēf'tain	Da kō'tā
Ant'wērp	Chīs'to pher	dam'ask
ap prēn'tīçe	clām'or ous	Dān'iel
Ār'a gōn	clēr'gy man	Dārt'mou̯th
Ārc'tic	cō'hōrt	Dā'vy
Ās'gard	Co lūm' bī à	dēaf'en
A'si a	cōl'um bīne	Dē fōe'
As'shur ( <i>āsh'ur</i> )	Co lūm'bus	Dēl'a wāre
au'di bly	com mū'nī ty	dēs'o late
awk'ward ly	cōm'pe tençe	dēs'ti tute
Āx'el	com plā'çen çy	de tēst'a ble

dē vi ā'tion  
dis pērse'  
dis tinct'ly  
dis tōrt'ed  
dōm'i ċile  
drēad'ful

ēa'ger ly  
ēa'glet  
Eaſe'dāle  
Eb e nē'zer  
ēm'pha sis  
e nōr'moūs  
ēn'vī oūs  
Ex'e ter

fal'ter ing  
Faust (*foust*)  
Faus'tu lus  
Fēr'dī nand  
feūd  
fjord (*fyōrā*)  
Flān'derſ  
flaunt'ing  
Flēm'ish  
Flōr'ençe  
fō'li aġe  
fōre'cās tle  
fōr'mī dā ble  
fōrt'nīght

fōr'tu nate ly  
frā'grance  
fū'ġi tīve

Gal'i lee  
ġēn'er oūs  
ġēn'e sīs  
ġē'ni al  
Ġēn'ō ā  
Ġēn'ō ēse'  
Ġēn'tile  
Ġeōr'ġi ā  
Għyll  
Glāds'heīm  
gōr'ġeoūs  
Gōth'ic  
Grās'mēre  
Grāy'per  
Green'land  
grōs'bēak  
guīd'ançe  
Guīn'ēa  
Gu'ten berg  
gȳveſ

Haar'lem (*hār-*)  
Hāk'a dā ħ  
hāv'oc  
hēif'er  
hēr'it aġe

Hēz e kī'āh  
Hī ā wā'thā  
Hrīm'fax e  
hū'mor

I'dā  
īm'ple ment  
In do stān'  
in dūs'tri oūs  
in ēs'ti ma ble  
in ēv'i ta ble  
īn'fi nīte  
in quīſ'i tīve  
in ter po ſī'tion  
in vīn'çi ble  
in vī'o lāte  
Iſ ā bēl'lā  
It'a ly  
Ith'ā cā

Jē hān'  
Jo tun heim  
(*yē'tūn hīm*)

kā'ty did  
kēr'messe

Lāb'rā dōr  
Lāng'dāle  
Lannes (*lānz*)



Lăp'land	Mi nēr'vâ	O ri nō'co
Lăt'in	mîr'a cle	
Lăw'rence	mîș'er a ble	Pă'lōs
lęg'a cy	Mîș'şou'ri	păr'a lȳzed
lęg'end	mōc'ca sin	Pă trāsche'
lêi'şûre ly	môn'ăreh	păt'ron aĝe
Lěx'ing ton	Mont gôm'e ry	pà trōon'
lî'ehen	Môr'gan	Pęg'a sus
Lîş'bon	mos qui'tô	Pęg'got ty
Liv'y	mûl ti tû'di nouş	Pe nêl'o pe
Lón'don	Mû'nîeh	pên'sive ly
lûx ũ'rî ant		pêr'ma nent
	Na pō'le on	Pē'ter sen
Măd rid'	nêck'lăĝe	Phæ ā'ċian
ma hōg'a ny	Nēils	phăn'tom
măn'ăĝe a ble	Nêl'lo	phî lōs'o phy
măn'u script	Nê'ro	Pîn'tă
măr'i ner	New'found land	pîqued
măr'vel oûs	New'ton	Pi rē'ne
math e măt'ics	Nôrr'land	Pôr'tu gal
me ehăn'ic al	Nôrse'land	Po tō'mac
Med i tēr rā'nean	Nō'vâ Scō'tia (-shă)	Prō'cas
mêl'an ehōl y	Nû'mî tor	prōs'pêr oûs
Men e lă'us		pŭnc'tu al
Měntz	oc cā'şion	
Měr'cu ry	Ō'din	răil'ler y
Měr'ri mac	O'Lîñ'coln	Răt'is bon
mî'gra to ry	O lȳm'pus	rēc'og nîze
Mill'wood	ôr'ehîd	rēc on ċil i ā'tion
Mî'mer	ô rîĝ'i nal	Rē'mus

rēs'i dençe  
res tor ā'tion  
rheu'ma tism  
Rhīne  
Rhōde Is'land  
riv'en  
Rōb'in son  
Rō'mā  
Rōm'u lus

Sāint Paul  
Sal a măn'cā  
Sār a tō'ga  
sās'sa fras  
säun'ter  
sehēme  
Schöf'fer  
Sen næh'e rīb  
sep'ā rate  
sēv'er  
sē vēre'  
shēathe  
Shē'bā  
Sioux  
sī'ren  
Skīn'fax e  
skrāigh  
sleep'ī ly  
sniv'el ing

söl'age  
Söl'o mon  
sōv'er eign  
Spāin  
Spān'ish  
Strās'burg  
sup pli cā'tion  
Swēde  
Swē'den  
Syl'vi ā  
sŷm'pa thy

tā'bor  
Tāl'mud  
Te lēm'a ehūs  
tēl'e scope  
tēm'po ral  
Thōr  
thōr'ough fāre  
Tī'ber  
trāi'tor  
tra vaux' (-vō)  
trāv'ērsed  
tre mēn'douš  
Trō'jan  
Troy  
tū'tor

U lŷs'sēs

U mē'ā  
Un chee'dāh  
un couth'  
Ūr'dār

vē'he ment  
vī'o lent ly  
voige'less

Wād'o link  
wam'pum  
wēa'sel  
Wēb'ster  
Whīs'ko dink  
Wīn'ches ter  
Wīn ter see'ble  
With'am  
Wools'thōrpe  
wrīn'kle  
wrīthe  
wrath'ful  
wring

Yār'mou̯th  
Ÿg'drā sīl  
Ȳ'mer  
Yōrk'shire

zēph'yr

## NOTES—BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY

**Page 9. The Great Discovery.** Hezekiah Butterworth, the author of this selection, was a popular American writer and lecturer; born in Rhode Island, 1839; died there, 1905. His best-known books are the "Zigzag Journeys," written for boys.

**15. Davy's First Visit to Yarmouth.** Yarmouth is a seaport town noted for its fisheries, situated northeast of London, England. Charles Dickens, a celebrated English novelist, was born near Portsmouth, England, 1812; died, 1870. His best novel is "David Copperfield," from which this extract is taken.

**23. How the Robin Came.** This is an Indian legend which Whittier has rendered into verse. John G. Whittier, sometimes known as the Quaker poet, was born in Massachusetts, 1807; died, 1892.

**26. Diamond and the North Wind.** George Macdonald, a noted Scottish novelist and poet, was born at Huntly, Scotland, 1824; died, 1905. The selection is from a book for children entitled "At the Back of the North Wind."

**39. The Oak Tree and the Ivy.** Eugene Field, an American journalist and miscellaneous writer, was born in Missouri, 1850; died, 1895.

**44. My Pet Starlings.** Robert Cochrane, an English writer, chiefly on antiquarian subjects, was born in Ireland in 1844.

**52. Farmyard Song.** John T. Trowbridge, a popular writer for boys, was born in New York, 1827.

**61. The Song Sparrow.** Henry van Dyke, an American educator and author, was born in Pennsylvania, 1852.

**65. Boyhood of Daniel Webster.** Among great American statesmen few if any have ranked higher than Daniel Webster, the beginning of whose career is described in this brief sketch. He was born in 1782; died, 1852.

**73. A Soldier of the Revolution.** General Daniel Morgan, the subject of this sketch, was born in New Jersey, 1736; died at Winchester, Virginia, 1802. John Esten Cooke, the author, was a well-known writer on subjects pertaining to Virginia and the South.

**80. Sir Isaac Newton.** Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most gifted of American authors, was born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. This selection is adapted from his volume entitled "Biographical Stories."

**90. Going Home for Christmas.** Washington Irving, a famous American author, was born at New York, 1783; died, 1859. This is an extract from "The Sketch Book," a collection of essays and short stories, published in 1820. — *Bucephalus*: the famous horse of Alexander the Great.

**95. Christmas Song.** Phillips Brooks was an eminent American preacher and orator; born at Boston, 1835; died, 1893.

**97. Abou Ben Adhem.** This popular poem was written in imitation of a Persian parable. Leigh Hunt, a noted English writer, was born near London, 1784; died, 1859.

**98. The Thirteen Colonies.** Thomas Wentworth Higginson, an American essayist and historian, was born in Massachusetts, 1823.

**100. An Appeal to Arms.** This famous speech was delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1775, just before the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Patrick Henry, a celebrated American patriot and orator, was born in Virginia, 1736; died, 1799.

**129. The Hero of Ratisbon.** Ratisbon is a city of Germany, on the Danube River. It was besieged and captured by the French under Napoleon in 1809.

**131. Destruction of Sennacherib's Army.** The story of Sennacherib is related briefly in the Second Book of Kings. Lord Byron was one of the most gifted of English poets (1788-1824).

**132. The Story of Robinson Crusoe.** "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," written by Daniel Defoe, was first published in 1719. It is still one of the most popular stories in the English language.

**146. A Dog of Flanders.** Flanders, a province of Belgium in north-western Europe. Its capital is Antwerp. — *Kermesse*: an outdoor festival or fair, very popular in Belgium and Holland. Louise de la Ramée, commonly known by her pen name of "Ouida," a noted English novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, 1840.

**160. The Taming of the Winged Horse.** The legend of Pegasus is one of the most popular of old Greek stories. The fountain of Hippocrene, sacred to the Muses, was said to have been inspired by a blow of his hoof. The monster referred to in the story was the Chimera.

**171. Ulysses.** The story of the achievements of Ulysses (or Odysseus, as he was known to the Greeks) is related in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Homer. In the former his heroic deeds during the siege of Troy are narrated; the latter tells of his wonderful adventures while returning to his home in Ithaca.

**182. Norseland Myths.** Norseland is a general term referring to the northern countries of Europe and including particularly Iceland, Norway, and Sweden.

**193. The Little Postboy.** Bayard Taylor, a famous American traveler and writer, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825; died in Germany, 1878.

**205. A Little Heroine.** The Westmoreland mountains are in the northwestern part of England. Grasmere is the name of a lake and also of a village situated at the foot of these mountains. Charlotte Mary Yonge (yŭng) was an English novelist and miscellaneous writer; born, 1823; died, 1901.

**212. Solomon and the Bees.** For the story of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, see 2 Chronicles ix. 1-12. — *Talmud*: a book of Jewish laws, traditions, etc. — John G. Saxe was an American poet, born in Vermont, 1816; died, 1887.

**218. My Indian Boyhood.** Dr. Charles A. Eastman, or Ohiyesa (ō hī yē'sā), an Indian physician, was born in Minnesota, 1858. He was educated at Dartmouth College and Boston University, and has written several books on Indian life and history.

**232. May.** John Burroughs, a well-known American essayist and writer on nature and natural history, was born in New York, 1837. He is the author of many delightful books, as, "Wake-Robin," "Pepacton," "Winter Sunshine," and a volume of poems.

**233. The First Printers.** Donald G. Mitchell was born in Connecticut in 1822. His first book, written under the name of Ik Marvel and entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor," was published in 1850. He has since written a number of volumes on various subjects, among them "Old Story Tellers," from which this extract is taken.

**235. Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.** This is the oration delivered by Mr. Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery in 1863. Gettysburg is a borough in southern Pennsylvania, where, in July, 1863, the most decisive battle of the Civil War was fought. Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Kentucky, 1809; died at Washington, D.C., 1865.

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